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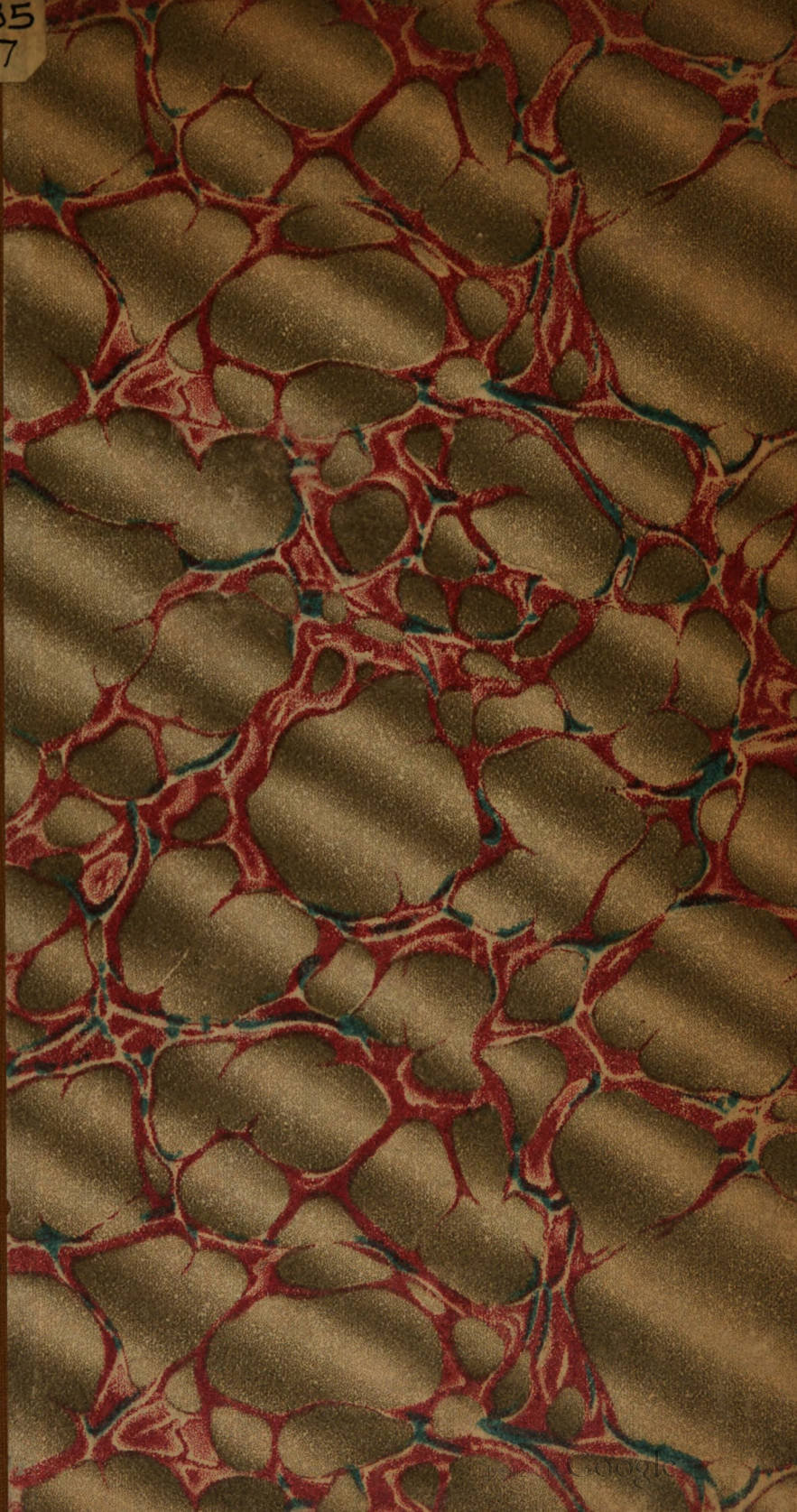
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Lyndesay - William Meldrum - 1594.

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The Historie
OF ANE NOBIL AND WAILBEAND SQVYER,

William Meldrum,

VMQVHYLE LAIRD OF CLEISCHE AND BYNNIS.

COMPYLIT BE

Sir Dauld Lyndesay of the Mont,

ALIAS,

Lyoun King of Armes.

H C

The Testament

OF THE SAID

William Meldrum, Squyer,

COMPYLIT ALSWA BE

Sir Dauld Lyndesay, &c.

Cicero, Philip. 14.

Proprium sapientis est grata eorum virtutem memoria prosequi, qui pro Patria vitam profuderunt

Ovid, 2. Fast.

Et memorem famam, qui bene gessit habet.

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The Historie
OF ANE NOBIL AND WAILZEAND SQVYER,
William Meldrum,
VMQVHYLE LAIRD OF CLEISCHE AND BYNNIS.

COMPLYT AN

Sir David Lyndesay of the Mont,

ALIAS,

Young King of Arms.

H C

- QVHO that Antique Stories reidis
Considder may the famous deidis
Of our Nobill Progenitouris,
4 Quhilk suld, to vs, be richt mirrouris,
Thair verteous deidis to ensew,
And vicious leuing to eschew.
Sic Men bene put in memorie,
8 That deith suld not confound thair glorie.
Howbeit thair bodie bene absent,
Thair verteous deidis bene present :
Poetis, thair honour to auance,
12 Hes put thame in remembrance.
Sum wryt of preclair Conquerouris ;
And sum, of vailzeand Empriouris ;
And sum, of Nobill Michtie Kingis,
16 That Royallie did reull thair Ringis ;
And sum, of Campiounis and of Knichtis,
That bauldlie did defend thair richtis,
Quhilk vailzeandlie did stand in stour,
20 For the defence of thair honour ;

The famous gesta
of our noble
forefathers
instruct us to
ensue virtue
and to shun vice.
Such men are
justly memorized.
Their good deeds
survive ; and
poets remind us
of them.
Some poets write
of conquerors ;
others, of royal
personages ;
others, of
champions and
knights,
strenuous for
their right and
honour ;

others, of
doughty squires;
others, still, of
the history of
lovers,
With the aid of
Clio and Minerva,
I purpose to
descant of a bold
squire, whom,
and his private
history, I tell of
from what I
know.
His youth he
spent in love,
pleasantly and
without reproof.
Also, he was as
valiant as many
another man
sung by poets.
He should not be
forgotten, looking
to what he
suffered for his
lady's sake.
Sir Launcelot
fought no better,
and in a less
worthy cause:
for his lady was
an adulteress; and
he loved in the
dark, like an
owl.

- And sum, of Squyeris douchtie deidis, .
That wounders wrocht in weirlie weidis.
Sum wryt of deidis amorous ;
24 As Chauceir wrait of Troilus,
How that he luiffit Cressida ;
Of Iason and of Medea.
With help of Cleo, I intend,
28 Sa Minerue wald me Sapience send,
Ane Nobill Squyer to discryfe,
Quhais douchtines, during his Lyfe,
I knaw my self : thair of I wryte ;
32 And all his deidis I dar indyte :
And secreitis, that I did not knaw,
That Nobill Squyer did me schaw.
Sa I intend, the best I can,
36 Descryue the deidis and the Man ;
Quhais youth did occupie in lufe,
Full plesantlie, without reprufe ;
Quhilk did as monie douchtie deidis
40 As monie ane that men of reidis,
Quhilkis Poetis puttis in Memorie,
For the exalting of thair glorie.
Quhairfoir, I think,—sa God me saif !—
44 He suld haue place amangis the laif,
That his hie honour suld not smure,
Considering quhat he did indure,
Oft times, for his Ladeis sake.
48 I wait, Sir Lancelote du lake,
Quhen he did lufe King Arthuris wyfe,
Faucht neuer better, with sword nor knyfe,
For his Ladie, in no battell ;
52 Nor had not half so just querrell.
The veritie quha list declair,
His Lufe was ane Adulterair ;
And durst not cum into hir sicht,
56 Bot, lyke ane Houlet, on the night.

- With this Squyer it stude not so :
 His Ladie luift him, and no mo.
 Husband nor Lemman had scho none ;
- 60 And so he had hir lufe alone.
 I think it is no happie lyfe,
 Ane Man to jaip his Maisteris wyfe,
 As did Lancelote : this I conclude,
- 64 Of sic amour culd cum na gude.
 Now to my purpois will I pas,
 And shaw 3ow how the Squyer was :
 Ane gentilman of Scotland borne ;
- 68 So was his Father him beforne ;
 Of Nobilnes lineallie descendit,
 Quhilks thair gude fame hes euer defendit.
 Gude Williame Meldrum he was namit,—
- 72 Quhilk in his honour was neuer defamit,—
 Stalwart and stout in euerie stryfe,
 And borne within the Schyre of Fyfe ,
 To Cleische and Bynnis richt Heritour,
- 76 Quhilk stude, for Lufe, in monie stour.
 He was bot twentie 3eiris of age,
 Quhen he began his Uassalage ;
 Proportionat weill, of mid stature,
- 80 Feirie, and wicht, and nicht indure ;
 Ouriset with trauell, both nicht and day ;
 Richt hardie 3aith in ernist and play ;
 Blyith in countenance, richt fair of face,
- 84 And stude weill, ay, in his Ladies grace :
 For he was wounder amiabill,
 And, in all deidis, honorabill.
 And ay his honour did auance,
- 88 In England first, and syne in France.
 And thair his manheid did assaill,
 Under the Kingis greit Admirall,
 Quhen the greit Naue of Scotland
- 92 Passit to the sey, aganis England.

Our Squire,
 contrariwise,
 was alone loved
 by his lady.

Unhappy was
 Launcelot's life ;
 and no good
 could come of
 intrigue like his.

The Squire was
 born in Scotland ;
 gentle, as was his
 father, and as

were his fathers.

He was called
 William
 Meldrum ; stout
 in quarrel ;

born in Fifeshire ;
 and, for love, he
 fought often.

He began life at
 twenty, well-
 built, manly,
 endurant,

restless,
 hearty,
 comely,

and ever
 favourite with
 his lady.

He gained
 repute.

He signalized his
 prowess, when the
 Scottish navy set
 sail against
 England.

- The Admiral of
the fleet set fire to
Craigfergus,
sparing nothing. 96 And saift nouthir Barne nor Byre.
The people were
spoliated, and
fair women were
trampled on. 100 Fair wemen vnderfute wer fuilzeit.
But the Squire
saved women,
priests, and
friars.
At last 104 Till, at the last, he did persauae,
he heard
a voice;
he followed it;
and he found a 108 Till he did see hir, at the last,
woman, stripped.
Two soldiers
stood parting the
plunder. 112 Partand the spuilzie thame betwene.
She was of the
fairest.
She implored
him to help her, 116 Sayand, for him that heryit Hell,
a maid.
He begged them
to give back her
shift, and keep
the rest. 120 And tak to 3ow all vther wark.
Gorgeous were
her kirtle,
garland, belt, and
brooches; and
her shift was of
taffety,
ornamented with
gold and silk.
The lady 128 Than said the Ladie, quhyte as milk,

- Except my sark, no thing I craue ;
 Let thame go hence, with all the laue.
 Quod thay to hir : be Sanct Fillane,
 132 Of this 3e get nathing agane.
 Than said the Squyer, courteslie :
 Gude Freindis, I pray 3ow hartfullie,
 Gif 3e be worthie Men of Weir,
 136 Restoir to hir agane hir Geir ;
 Or, be greit God that all hes wrocht,
 That spuill3ie salbe full deir bocht.
 Quod thay to him : we the defy,
 140 And drew thair swordis haistely,
 And straik at him with sa greit Ire,
 That from his Harnes flew the fyre ;
 With duntis sa darlie on him dang,
 144 That he was neuer in sic ane thrang.
 Bot he him manfullie defendit,
 And with ane bolt on thame he bendit,
 And hat the ane vpon the heid,
 148 That to the ground he fell down deid ;
 For to the teith he did him cleif,
 Lat him ly thair with ane mischeif.
 Than, with the vther, hand for hand,
 152 He beit him with his birneist brand.
 The vther was baith stout and strang,
 And on the Squyer darlie dang.
 And than the Squyer wrocht greit wonder,
 156 Ay, till his sword did shaik in sunder.
 Than drew he furth ane sharp dagair,
 And did him cleik be the Collair,
 And euin in at the collerbane,
 160 At the first straik, he hes him slane :
 He funderit fordward to the ground.
 3it was the Squyer haill and sound ;
 For quhy he was sa weill enarmit,
 164 He did escaip fra thame vnharmit.

prayed for her
 shift only.
 They refused to
 give it up.
 The Squire
 requested
 them
 to comply,
 and added a
 threat.
 They defied him,
 drew their
 swords, and set
 upon him with
 great fury.
 He returned the
 charge, struck
 one of them on
 the head, cleft it,
 and felled him to
 the ground.
 Then he turned
 to the other, a
 powerful
 ruffian,
 and had a hard
 fight,
 but drew a
 dagger, plunged
 it into his neck,
 and sent him
 reeling, slain.
 Himself escaped
 unhurt, being
 well-armed.

- The fellows
despatched, he
told the lady to
take her clothes.
- Thanking him,
she put them on.
- He kissed her,
and took his
leave.
- All were to go to
the ships.
- She grieved to
lose her
rescuer,
- embraced him,
and offered to
marry him.
- Though then in
stress, she was,
she told him,
an heiress.
- She kissed him,
inquiringly.
- He pleaded that
he must first go
to France.
- Returned, after
war, he would
gladly wed her.
- He saluted and
blessed her.
- She gave him a
love-token, and
would go to
Scotland.
- He thanked her,
too young for the
sea, with
- And, quhen he saw thay wer baith slane,
He to that Ladie past agane,
Quhair scho stude nakit on the bent,
168 And said : tak 3our abulzement.
And scho him thankit, full humillie,
And put hir claithis on spedilie.
Than kissit he that Ladie fair,
172 And tuik his leif at hir but mair.
Be that the Taburne and Trumpet blew,
And euerie man to shipburd drew.
That Ladie was dolent in hart,
176 From tyme scho saw he wald depart,
That hir releuit from hir harmes,
And hint the Squyer in hir armes,
And said : will 3e byde in this Land,
180 I sall 3ow tak to my Husband.
Thocht I be cassiu, now, in cair,
I am, quod scho, my Fatheris Air,
The quhilk may spend, of pennies round,
184 Of 3eirlie Rent ane thowsand Pound.
With that, hartlie scho did him kis.
Ar 3e, quod scho, content of this ?
Of that, quod he, I wald be fane,
188 Gif I nicht in this Realme remane :
Bot I mon, first, pas into France ;
Sa, quhen I cum agane, perchance,
And efter that the Peice be maid,
192 To marie 3ow I will be glaid.
Fair weill ! I may no langer tarie :
I pray God keip 3ow, & sweit sanct Marie.
Than gaif scho him ane Lufe taking,
196 Ane riche Rubie set in ane Ring.
I am, quod scho, at 3our command,
With 3ow to pas into Scotland.
I thank 3ow hartfullie, quod he :
200. 3e ar ouir 3oung to sail the See,

- And, specialle, with Men of weir.
 Of that, quod scho, tak 3e na feir :
 I sall me cleith in mennis clais,
 204 And ga with 3ow quhair euir 3e pleis.
 Suld I not lufe him Paramour,
 That saift my Lyfe and my honour ?
 Ladie, I say 3ow, in certane,
 208 3e sall haue lufe for lufe agane,
 Trewlie, vnto my Lyfis end.
 Fairweill ! to God I 3ow commend.
 With that, into his Boit he past,
 212 And to the ship he rowit fast.
 Thay weyit thair ankeris, and maid sail,—
 This Nauie, with the Admirall,—
 And landit in bauld Brytane.
 216 This Admirall was Erle of Arrane,—
 Quhilk was baith wyse and vailgeand,
 Of the blude Royall of Scotland,—
 Accompanyit with monie ane Knicht,
 220 Quhilk wer richt worthie men and wicht.
 Amang the laif, this 3ounge Squyar
 Was with him richt familiar ;
 And, throw his verteous diligence,
 224 Of that Lord he gat sic credence,
 That, quhen he did his courage ken,
 Gaif him cure of fyue hundreth men,
 Quhilkis wer to him obedient,
 228 Reddie at his commandement.
 It wer to lang for to declair
 The doughtie deidis that he did thair.
 Becaus he was sa courageous,
 232 Ladies of him wes amorous.
 He was ane Mun3eoun for ane Dame,
 Meik, in Chalmer, lyk ane lame ;
 Bot, in the Feild, ane Campioun,
 236 Rampand lyke ane wyld Lyoun ;
- soldiers.
 She would go
 with him, dressed
 like a man.
 She would love
 her deliverer.
 He promises
 her his love
 for life,
 says adieu,
 and makes for the
 ship.
 They proceed,
 and land in
 Brittany,
 under the Earl
 of Arran,
 with whom were
 many stout
 fighters.
 The young
 Squire stood
 so well with
 the Earl, for
 his courage,
 that he was made
 captain of five
 hundred.
 He wrought bold
 deeds ; and the
 ladies fancied
 him.
 He was mild
 among dames,
 but formidable in
 the field.

- He was deft
 with arms,
 open-handed
 beyond all,
 and lucky, but
 good,
 and so
 all-beloved.
- Weill practikit with Speir and Scheild,
 And with the formest in the Feild.
 No Chiftane was, amangis thame all,
 In expensis mair liberall ;
 In euerilk play he wan the pryse :
 With that, he was verteous and wyse.
 And so, becaus he was weill pruift,
 With euerie man he was weill luifit.
- Henry VIII. of
 England was at
 Calais, to fight
 France.
 The French king,
 with his army,
 was hard by.
 The two
 armies only
 skirmished.
 The Squire lusted
 for real war,
 and selected
 a band
 to follow him.
 The French king
 accepted the
 services of
 himself and
 company.
 In the English
 host was a great
 champion,
 passing confident
 of his valour and
 might,
 Master Talbart,
- HARY the aucht, King of Ingland,
 That tyme at Caleis wes lyand,
 With his triumphant ordinance,
 Makand weir on the Realme of France.
 The King of France his greit armie
 Lay neir hand by, in Picardie,
 Quhair aither vther did assaill.
 Howbeit, thair was na set battaill,
 Bot thair wes daylie skirmishing,
 Quhair men of armis brak monie sting.
 Quhen to the Squyer Meldrum
 Wer tauld thir Nouellis, all and sum,
 He thoct he wald vesie the weiris,
 And waillit furth ane hundreth Speiris,
 And Futemen quhilk wer bauld & stout,
 The maist worthie of all his rout.
 Quhen he come to the King of France,
 He wes sone put in ordinance ;
 Richt so was all his companie,
 That on him waitit continuallie.
 Thair was, into the Inglis Oist,
 Ane Campioun that blew greit boist :
 He was ane stout Man and ane strang,
 Quhilk Oist wald, with his conduct, gang
 Outthrow the greit Armie of France,
 His valiantnes for to auance.
 And Maister Talbart was his name,

- 272 Of Scottis & Frenche quhilk spak disdane ;
 And, on his Bonnet, vsit to beir
 Of Siluer fyne takinnis of weir :
 And Proclamatiounis he gart mak,
 276 That he wald, for his Ladies saik,
 With any gentilman of France,
 To fecht with him with Speir or Lance.
 Bot no Frenche man, in all that Land,
 280 With him durst battell, hand for hand.
 Than, lyke ane Weirour vailzeand,
 He enterit in the Scottis band.
 And, quhen the Squyer Meldrum
 284 Hard tell this Campioun wes cum,
 Richt haistelie he past him till,
 Demanding him quhat was his will.
 Forsuith, I can find none, quod he,
 288 On hors, nor fute, dar fecht with me.
 Than, said he, it wer greit schame,
 Without battell 3e suld pas hame.
 Thairfoir, to God I mak ane vow,
 292 The morne my self sall fecht with 3ow,
 Outher on Horsbak or on fute :
 3our crakkis I count thame not ane cute.
 I sall be fund into the Feild,
 296 Armit, on Hors, with speir and Scheild.
 Maister Talbart said : my gude Chyld,
 It wer maist lyk that thow wer wyld.
 Thow ar to 3oung, and hes no nicht
 300 To fecht with me, that is so wicht :
 To speik to me thow suld haue feir.
 For I haue sic practik in weir,
 That I wald not effeirir be
 304 To mak debait aganis sic thre :
 For I haue stand in monie stour,
 And ay defendit my honour.
 Thairfoir, my barne, I counsell the

disdainful
 of speech,
 and vain.
 For his lady, he
 would engage
 with any gentle-
 man of France.
 The French
 dreaded him.
 He visited the
 Scots.
 Squire Meldrum
 accosted him,
 demanding his
 will.
 He wished to
 fight.
 He should be
 gratified ;
 and the Squire
 would meet him
 on the morrow,
 mounted or on
 foot.
 He would come
 mounted.
 Master Talbart
 accounts him a
 stripling, and
 mad to think of
 such a thing,
 and declares
 himself of
 courage to
 encounter with
 three such as he ;
 for he had never
 been worsted.
 The Squire had

- better beware. 308 Sic interprysis to let be.
 Meldrum, Than said this Squyer to the Knicht :
 replying, reminds I grant 3e ar baith greit and wicht.
 him how it fared 3oung Daidid was far les than I,
 with Goliath at 312 Quhen he with Golias, manfullie,
 the hands of Withouttin outhir Speir or Scheild,
 David, He faucht, and slew him in the Feild.
 piously trusts I traist that God salbe my Gyde,
 to win, 316 And giue me grace to stanche thy pryde.
 and agrees to Thocht thow be greit like Gowmakmorne,
 meet him the Traist weill I sall 3ow meit the morne :
 next morning, Beside Montruill, vpon the grene,
 before ten. 320 Befoir ten houris I salbe sene ;
 He proposes And, gif 3e wyn me in the Feild,
 the terms Baith hors & Geir I sall 3ow 3eild,
 of victory. Sa that siclyke 3e do to me.
 Master Talbart 324 That I sall do, be God, quod he,
 consents ; And thairto I giue the my hand ;
 and they fix to And swa, betwene thame, maid an Band,
 meet. That thay suld meit vpon the morne.
 Talbart scorns 328 Bot Talbart maid at him bot Scorene,
 him proudly, Lychtlyand him with wordis of pryde ;
 rides off, and Syne, hamewart to his Oist culd ryde,
 tells how a young And shew the Brethren of his Land,
 Scot had under- 332 How ane 3oung Scot had tane on hand
 taken to fight To fecht with him beside Montruill :
 with him, Bot, I traist, he sall prufe the fuill.
 foolishly. Quod thay : the morne that sall we ken :
 His friends have 336 The Scottis ar haldin hardie men.
 their doubts. Quod he : I compt thame not ane cute ;
 He has none, and He sall returne vpon his fute,
 boasts that And leif with me his armour bricht ;
 Meldrum will go 340 For weill I wait he hes no micht,
 home afoot, no On hors nor fute, to fecht with me.
 match for him. Quod thay : the morne that sall we se.
 More doubts. Quhan to Monsour de Obenie
 M. D'Aubigny,

- 344 Reportit was the veritie,
How that the Squyer had tane on hand
To fecht with Talbart, hand for hand,
His greit courage he did commend ;
348 Sine, haistelie did for him send.
And, quhen he come befor the Lord,
The veritie he did record ;
How, for the honour of Scotland,
352 That Battell he had tane on hand.
And, sen it giuis me in my hart,
Get I ane hors to tak my part,
My traist is sa in Goddis grace,
356 To leif him lyand in the place.
Howbeit he stalwart be, and stout,
My Lord, of him I haue no dout.
Than send the Lord out throw the Land,
360 And gat ane hundreth hors, fra hand :
To his presence he brocht in haist,
And bad the Squyer cheis him the best.
Of that the Squyer was rejoisit,
364 And cheisit the best, as he suppoisit,
And lap on him delyuerlie,—
Was neuer hors ran mair plesantlie,—
With Speir and sword at his command,
368 And was the best of all the Land.
He tuik his leif, and went to rest ;
Syne, airtie in the morne him drest,
Wantonlie, in his weirlyke weid,
372 All weill enarmit, saif the heid.
He lap vpon his Cursour wicht,
And straucht him in his stirroppis richt.
His speir, and scheild, & helme wes borne
376 With Squyeris that raid him beforne.
Ane veluot Cap on heid he bair ;
Ane quoif of gold, to heild his hair.
This Lord of him tuik sa greit Ioy,

hearing what the
Squire had taken
in hand,
commended his
daring, and
summoned him.
Meldrum
had at heart
the honour
of Scotland.
It duly
horsed,
he would
humble
Talbart,
of whom he had
no fear.
A hundred horses
were soon
produced, for him
to choose from.
The Squire,
delighted,
selected a
charger,
and mounted
him.
The next day he
was up early,
and donned his
armour, but with
his head exposed,
and leaped on
his horse.
Squires attended
him.
His cap
and coif.
By favour

- he was provided
 with a right
 honourable escort.
 His
 escutcheon
 and
 comparison.
 He sets off, amid
 warlike music,
 Mars-like.
 Talbart, too, was
 up betimes,
 and was at once
 ready for business.
 He feared not
 Meldrum.
 He related, much
 ashamed, a
 dream he had
 dreamed.
 An otter, from
 the sea, rode at
 him, attacked
 him, bit him till
 he bled, and
 dragged him
 from his horse.
 What could it
 mean?
 Dreams were
 nothing.
 He should
 go arm,
 and show his
- 380 That he him self wald him conuoy :
 With him ane hundreth men of Armes,
 That thair suld no man do him harmes.
 The Squyer buir, into his scheild,
 384 Ane Otter in ane siluer Feild.
 His hors was bairdit full richelie,
 Couerit with Satyne Cramesia.
 Than fordward raid this Campioun,
 388 With sound of Trumpet and Clarioun,
 And spedilie spurrit ouir the bent,
 Lyke Mars, the God Armipotent.
 Thus leif we rydand our Squyar,
 392 And speik of Maister Talbart mair ;
 Quhilk gat vp airlie, in the morrow,
 And no maner of geir to borrow,—
 Hors, Harnes, Speir, nor Scheild,—
 396 Bot was ay reddie for the Feild ;
 And had sic practik into weir,
 Of our Squyer he tuik na feir.
 And said vnto his companjeoun,
 400 Or he come furth of his Pauljeoun :
 This nicht I saw, into my dreame,—
 Quhilk to reheirs I think greit shame,—
 Me thocht I saw cum, fra the See,
 404 Ane greit Otter, rydand to me,
 The quhilk was blak, with ane lang tail,
 And cruellie did me assaill,
 And bait me till he gart me bleid,
 408 And drew me backward fra my steid.
 Quhat this suld mene I can not say ;
 Bot I was neuer in sic ane fray.
 His fellow said : think 3e not schame
 412 For to gif credence till ane dreame ?
 3e knaw it is aganis our Faith.
 Thairfoir, go dres 3ow in 3our graith,
 And think weill, throw 3our hie courage,

- 416 This day 3e sall wyn vassalage.
 Than drest he him into his geir,
 Wantounlie, like ane Man of weir,
 Quhilk had baith hardines and fors,
 420 And lichtlie lap vpon his hors.
 His hors was bairdit full brauelie,
 And couerit wes, richt courtfullie,
 With browderit wark and veluot grene.
 424 Sanct Georges Croce thair nicht be sene,
 On Hors, Harnes, and all his geir.
 Than raid he furth, withouttin weir,
 Conuoyit with his Capitane
 428 And with monie ane Inglisman,
 Arrayit, all, with Armes bricht :
 Nicht no man see ane fairer sicht.
 Than clariounis and trumpettis blew,
 432 And weiriouris monie hither drew.
 On euerie side come monie Man,
 To behald quha the Battell wan.
 The feild wes in the Medow grene,
 436 Quhair euerie man nicht weill be sene.
 The Heraldis put thame sa in ordour,
 That no man passit within the bordour ;
 Nor preissit to cum within the grene,
 440 Bot Heraldis and the Campiounis kene.
 The ordour and the circumstance
 Wer lang to put in remembrance.
 Quhen thir twa nobill Men of weir
 444 Wer weill accowterit in thair geir,
 And in thair handis strang burdounis,
 Than Trumpotis blew & Clariounis ;
 And Heraldis cryit hie on hicht,
 448 Now let thame go. God shaw the richt !
 Than spedilie thay spurrit thair hors,
 And ran to vther, with sic fors,
 That baith thair speiris in sindrie flaw.
- valour.
 He equipped
 himself,
 and leaped
 on his horse,
 who was adorned
 with embroidery
 and green velvet.
 S. George was
 his patron.
 As he rode forth,
 with his
 attendants, the
 sight was a fair
 one to behold.
 The signal was
 given to move ;
 and a crowd
 drew near to see,
 in a green
 meadow.
 The heralds
 protect the
 champions from
 the press,
 and arrange
 preliminaries.
 When all was
 ready, on the
 sounding of
 trumpets and
 clarions,
 proclamation was
 made to begin.
 They rushed at
 each other,
 furiously; and the

- by-standers 452 Than said they all, that stude on raw :
 applauded
 their skill. Ane better cours than they twa ran
 They rest, and Was not sene sen the warld began :
 are supplied with Than baith the parties wer rejoisit.
 new spears. 456 The Campiounis ane quhyle repoisit,
 Then the trumpets Till thay had gottin speiris new.
 again blew, Than with triumph the trumpettis blew ;
 and the And they, with all the force thay can,
 champions 460 Wounder rudelie at aither ran,
 charged each And straik at vther with sa greit Ire,
 other impetu- That fra thair Harnes flew the Fyre.
 ously.
 Both were over- Thair Speiris war sa teuch & strang,
 thrown, 464 That aither vther to Eirth down dang.
 with horses Baith hors & man, with Speir and scheild,
 and all. Than flatlingis lay into the feild.
 Thereat Talbart Than Maister Talbart was eschamit :
 was much 468 Forsuith, for euer I am defamit ;
 abashed, and And said this : I had rather die,
 would die or be Without that I reuengit be.
 revenge.
 The Squire jumps Our young Squyer—sic was his hap—
 up, and mounts 472 Was first on fute ; and on he lap
 his horse. Upon his hors, without support.
 Seeing this, the Of that the Scottis tuke gude comfort,
 Scots are Quhen thay saw him sa feirelie
 enheartened. 476 Loup on his Hors sa galzeardlie.
 The Squire lifts The Squyer liftit his Uisair
 his visor, and Ane lytill space, to take the Air.
 drinks wine, Thay bad him wyne ; and he it drank,
 with thanks. 480 And humillie he did thame thank.
 Talbart remounts, Be that, Talbart on Hors mountit,
 and challenges And of our Squyer lytill countit,
 the Squire to And cryit, gif he durst vndertak
 run for his
 lady's sake. 484 To ryn anis for his Ladies saik.
 Meldrum The Squyer answerit hie on hicht :
 is ready That sall I do, be Marie bricht.
 to fight I am content all day to ryn,

- 488 Till ane of vs the honour wyn.
Of that Talbart was weill content ;
And ane greit Speir in hand he hent.
The Squyer in his hand he thrang
- 492 His Speir, quhilk was baith greit & lang,
With ane sharp heid of grundin steill,
Of quhilk he was appleisit weill.
That plesand Feild was lang and braid,
- 496 Quhair gay ordour and rowme was maid,
And euerie man micht haue gude sicht.
And thair was monie weirlyke Knicht ;
Sum man of euerie Natioun
- 500 Was in that Congregatioun.
Than Trumpettis blew triumphantlie ;
And thay twa Campiounis egeirlie
Thay spurrit thair hors, with speir on breist ;
- 504 Pertlie to preif thair pith thay preist :
That round, rinkroume wes at vtterance.
Bot Talbartis Hors, with ane mischance,
He outterit, and to ryn was laith ;
- 508 Quhair of Talbart was wonder wraith.
The Squyer furth his rink he ran,—
Commendit weill with euerie man,—
And him dischargit of his speir,
- 512 Honestlie lyke ane Man of Weir.
Becaus that rink thay ran in vane,
Than Talbart wald not ryn agane,
Till he had gottin ane better steid,—
- 516 Quhilk was brocht to him with gude speid,—
Quhairon he lap, and tuik his speir,
As brym as he had bene ane Beir,
And bowtit fordwart, with ane bend,
- 520 And ran on to the Rinkis end,
And saw his hors was at command.
Than wes he blyith, I vnderstand,
Traistand na mair to ryn in vane.

till one or other
wins.
Talbart took his
speir ;
and the Squire
toosed his,
weill pleased
with it.
It was a pleasant
plain and
spacious ; and
the spectators
were various.
The trumpets
sounded, and
the champions
prepared for a
run.
Talbart's
horse
balked.
The Squire was
more fortunate
with his
courser.
Talbart must
have another
horse, on which
he leaped, fierce
as a bear,
tried him, and
found him
tractable.
He was
encouraged.

- They again 524 Than all the Trumpettis blew agane ;
 dashed at each Be that, with all the force they can,
 other, Thay richt rudelie at vther ran.
 and, with a crash, Of that meiting ilk man thocht wounder,
 528 Quhilk soundit lyke ane crak of thunder.
 encountered. And nane of thame thair marrow mist :
 Sir Talbartis speir in sunder brist ;
 The Squire over- Bot the Squyer, with his burdoun,
 532 Sir Talbart to the eirth dang doun.
 threw Talbart, That straik was with sic micht and fors,
 with his horse, That on the ground lay man and hors ;
 and wounded him 536 And in the breist ane span and mair,
 very severely Throw curras and throw gluifs of plait,
 with his spear. That Talbart micht mak na debait :
 He was thought The trencheour of the Squyeris speir
 dead. 540 Stak still into Sir Talbartis Geir.
 The Squire Than euerie man, into that steid,
 dismounted to 544 From his Cursour, deliuerlie,
 his assistance. And to Sir Talbart maid support,
 Talbart then And humillie did him comfort.
 reads his Quhen Talbart saw, into his Scheild,
 548 Ane Otter in ane siluer Feild,
 dream, which This race, said he, I may sair rew,
 he recounts. For I see weill my dreame wes trew.
 He will joust 552 And buir me backward from my steid.
 no more ; Bot heir I vow to God Souerane,
 and he reminds That I sall neuer Iust agane ;
 the Squire of their 556 Thow knawis the cunning that we maid :
 compact, Quhilk of vs twa suld tyne the Feild
 and will act on it. He suld baith Hors and Armour 3eild
 Till him that wan : quhairfoir, I will

- 560 My Hors and Harnes geue the till.
 Than said the Squyer, courteouslie,
 Brother, I thank 3ow hartfullie :
 Of 3ow, forsuith, nathing I craue ;
- 564 For I haue gottin that I wald haue.
 With euerie man he was commendit,
 Sa vailzeandlie he him defendit.
 The Capitane of the Inglis band
- 568 Tuke the 3oung Squyer be the hand,
 And led him to the Pailgeoun,
 And gart him mak Collatioun.
 Quhen Talbartis woundis wes bund vp fast,
- 572 The Inglis Capitane to him past,
 And prudentlie did him comfort ;
 Syne said : Brother, I 3ow exhort
 To tak the Squyer be the hand.
- 576 And sa he did, at his command,
 And said : this bene bot chance of Armes.
 With that, he braisit him in his armes,
 Sayand : hartlie I 3ow forgeue.
- 580 And than the Squyer tuik his leue,
 Commendit weill with euerie man ;
 Than wichtlie on his hors he wan,
 With monie ane Nobill man conuoyit.
- 584 Leue we thair Talbart, sair annoyit.
 Sum sayis, of that discomfitour
 He thocht sic schame and dishonour,
 That he departit of that Land,
- 588 And neuer wes sene into Ingland.
 Bot our Squyer did still remane,
 Efter the Weir, quhill Peice was tane.
 All Capitanes of the Kingis Gairdis
- 592 Gaif to the Squyer riche rewairdis :
 Becaus he had sa weill debaitit,
 With euerie Nobill he wes weill traitit.
 Efter the Weir, he tuke licence ;

The Squire
 thanks him,
 but is already
 content.

He is applauded,

and is

honourably

entertained.

Talbart is
 comforted, and
 is exhorted to
 shake hands with
 the Squire.

He complies,

embracing and

forgiving him.

The Squire takes
 his leave,
 commended for
 having so well
 acquitted himself.

Some say that
 Talbart, for
 shame, withdrew,
 and never
 returned to
 England.

The Squire
 remained,
 was richly

rewarded, and,
 for his bravery,
 well treated.

After the war,

- he stayd awhile 596 Syne, did returne, with diligence,
 in Normandy, From Pycardie to Normandie ;
 the fleet being And thair ane space remanit he,
 delayed. Becaus the Naue of Scotland
 Afterwards he 600 Wes still vpon the Coist lyand.
 returned to the Quhen he ane quhyle had sojornit,
 French Court, He to the Court of France returnit,
 and thence, For to decore his vassalege ;
 with his troop, 604 From Bartanze tuke his veyage,
 eight score With aucht scoir, in his companie,
 picked men, Of waillit wicht men and hardie,
 went to visit Enarmit weill, lyke men of Weir,
 King Lewis and 608 With Hakbut, Culuering, Pik, and Speir ;
 his companions. And passit vp throw Normandie,
 The Court of Till Ambiance in Pycardie,
 France was then Quhair Nobill Lowes, the King of France,
 thronged with 612 Wes lyand, with his Ordinance,
 foreign notables, With monie ane Prince and worthie man.
 including And in the Court of France wes, than,
 Englishmen. Ane mervellous Congregation
 An ambassador 616 Of monie ane diuers Natioun ;
 was there, with Of Ingland monie ane prudent Lord,
 many Scottish Efter the Weir makand record.
 knights, whom Thair wes, than, ane Ambassadour,
 the English 620 Ane Lord, ane man of greit honour :
 envied and sought With him was monie Nobill Knight
 to annoy. Of Scotland, to defend thair richt,
 These English Quhilk guydit thame sa honestlie,
 set upon the 624 Inglismen had thame at inuie,
 Scots, and And purposit to mak thame cummer,
 besieged them in Becaus they wer of greiter number.
 a house; and And sa, quhaireuer thay with thame met,
 628 Upon the Scottis thay maid onset ;
 And, lyke wyld Lyounis furious,
 Thay layd ane seige about the hous,
 Thame to destroy, sa thay intendit.

- 632 Our worthie Scottis thame weill defendit.
The Sutheroun wes, ay, fywe for ane ;
Sa, on ilk syde, thair wes men slane.
The Inglismen grew in greit Ire,
- 636 And cryit, swyith ! set the hous in fyre.
Be that, the Squyer Meldrum
Into the Market streit wes cum,
With his folkis in gude array,
- 640 And saw the toun wes in ane fray :
He did inquire the occasioun.
Quod thay : the Scottis ar all put down
Be Inglismen into thair Innis.
- 644 Quod he : I wald gif all the Bynnis,
That I micht cum or thay departit.
With that, he grew sa cruell-hartit,
That he was like ane wyld Lyoun,
- 648 And rudelie ran outthrow the toun,
With all his companie weill arrayit,
And with Baner full braid displayit.
And, quhen thay saw the Inglis rout,
- 652 Thay set vpon thame, with ane schout ;
With reird sa rudelie on thame ruschit,
That fiftie to the eirth thay duschit :
Thair was nocht ellis bot tak and slay.
- 656 This Squyer wounder did, that day,
And stoutlie stoppit in the stour,
And dang on thame with dintis dour.
Wes neuer man buir better hand :
- 660 Thair micht na Buckler byde his brand ;
For it was weill seuin quarter lang.
With that sa derflie on thame dang,
That, lyke ane worthie Campioun,
- 664 Ay at ane straik he dang ane down.
Sum wes euill hurt ; and sum wes slane ;
Sum fell, quhilk rais not zit agane.
Quhen that the Sutheroun saw his micht,
- many were
slain of
each party.
- A base project.
The Squire
appears
opportunely on
the scene,
and learns what
the English are
doing.
He hopes he is
in time,
and sallies forth,
with his
company, to the
rescue.
The English are
attacked and
roughly handled.
- The Squire was
redoubtable
in the fray,
with his long
sword.
One blow from it
sufficed for a
man ;
and many
felt it.
The Southrons

- fled aghast ; and, 668 Effrayitlie thay tuke the flicht,
 but for the And wist not quhair to fle, for haist :
 French, it would Thus throw the toun he hes thame chaist.
 have sped worre Wer not Frenchemen come to the redding,
 with them. 672 Thair had bene mekill mair blude shedding.
 When this Of this journey I mak ane end,
 valorous exploit Quhilk euerie Nobill did commend.
 was known to the 676 Quhen to the King the cace wes knawin,
 King of France, And all the suith vnto him shawin,—
 the Squire was How this Squyer sa manfullie
 put in orders ; 680 On Sutheroun wan the victorie,—
 and he did many He put him into ordinance.
 a noble deed. And sa he did remane in France,
 For his courage Ane certane tyme, for his plesour,
 he was sought in Weill estemit in greit honour,
 marriage by a Quhair he did monie ane Nobill deid.
 great lady ; 684 With that, richt wantoun in his weid,
 but he would Quhen Ladies knew his hie courage,
 return to He was desyrit in Mariage
 Scotland. Be ane Ladie of greit Rent.
 He was greatly 688 Bot youth maid him sa insolent,
 regretted, being That he in France wald not remane,
 admired for his Bot come to Scotland hame agane.
 daring. Thocht Frenche Ladies did for him murne,
 Well escorted, 692 The Scottis wer glaid of his returne.
 he made for At euerie Lord he tuke his leue ;
 Dieppe, where he Bot his departing did thame greiue ;
 procured a For he was luifit with all wichtis,
 ship for his 696 Quhilk had him sene defend his richtis.
 company, Scottis Capitanes did him conuoy,
 and equipped Thocht his departing did thame noy.
 and provisioned At Deip he maid him for the saill,
 it. 700 Quhair he furnischit ane gay veschail,
 For his self and his Men of Weir,
 With Artailzie, Hakbut, Bow, and Speir ;
 And furneist hir with gude victuall,

- 704 With the best wyne that he culd wail.
And, quhen the Schip was reddie maid,
He lay bot ane day in the raid,
Quhill he gat wind of the Southeist.
- 708 Than thay thair ankeris weyit on haist,
And syne maid Saill, and fordwart past,
Ane day, at morne ; till, at the last,
Of ane greit saill thay gat ane sicht ;
- 712 And Phœbus schew his bemis bricht,
Into the morning richt airlie.
Than past the Skipper, richt spodelie,
Up to the top, with richt greit feir,
- 716 And saw it wes ane Man of Weir,
And cryit : I see nocht ellis, perdie,
Bot we mon outhir fecht or fle.
The Squyer wes in his bed lyand,
- 720 Quhen he hard tell this new tydand.
Be this, the Inglis Artailze,
Lyke hailschot, maid on thame assailze,
And sloppit throw thair fechting saillis,
- 724 And diuers dang out our the waillis.
The Scottis agane, with all thair micht,
Of gunnis, than, thay leit fle ane ficht.
That thay micht weill see quhair they wair,
- 728 Heidis and armes flew in the Air.
The Scottis Schip scho wes sa law,
That monie gunnis out our hir flaw,
Quhilk far beyond thame lichtit down.
- 732 Bot the Inglis greit Galzeoun
Fornent thame stude, lyke ane strang castell,
That the Scottis gunnis micht na way faill,
Bot hat hir ay on the richt syde,
- 736 With monie ane slop, for all hir pryde,
That monie ane beft wer on thair bakkis ;
Than rais the reik with vglie crakkis,
Quhilk on the Sey maid sic ane sound,
- After a short
delay,
the wind sat for
them.
Before long they
caught sight of a
great sail, early
one morning.
The Captain saw
it was a man of
war, and was
much alarmed.
The Squire
hears the news.
The ship, which
is English, rakes
them with a
broadside,
which is
returned,
with dire effect.
- Luckily, the
Scottish ship lay
low.
The English
galleon suffered
sorely from the
Scottish artillery.
From the
booming of the

- guns people on
shore knew that
a battle was
going forward.
The two ships
grappled; and
then began
a fierce contest,
with divers
weapons, terrible
in its result.
Every man did
his best; and
blood flowed
freely.
The English
Captain tells
the Scots to yield,
or die.
The Squire
answers him
fearlessly.
The fighting
continues; and
the Squire leaps
into the English
ship, and knocks
down the Captain.
At this,
the Scots leave
their ship,
follow him,
and attack the
- 740 That in the Air it did redound,
That men nicht weill wit, on the land,
That shippis wer on the Sey fechtand.
Be this, thegyder straik the shippis,
744 And ather on vther laid thair clippis;
And than began the strang battell.
Ilk man his marrow did assaill:
Sa rudelie thay did rushe togidder,
748 That nane nicht hald thair feit for slidder:
Sum with halbert, and sum with speir;
Bot hakbuttis did the greitest deir.
Out of the top the grundin dartis
752 Did diuers peirs outthrow the hartis.
Euerie man did his diligence
Upon his fo to wirk vengeance;
Ruschand on vther routtis rude,
756 That ouir the waillis ran the blude.
The Inglis Capitane cryit hie,
Swyith! 3eild 3ow, doggis, or 3e sall die;
And, do 3e not, I mak ane vow,
760 That Scotland salbe quyte of 3ow.
Than peirtlie answerit the Squyar,
And said: O tratour Tauernar,
I lat the wit, thow hes na nicht
764 This day to put vs to the flicht.
Thay derflie ay at vther dang:
The Squyer thristit throw the thrang,
And in the Inglis schip he lap,
768 And hat the Capitane sic ane flap
Upon his heid, till he fell down,
Welterand intill ane deidlie swoun.
And, quhen the Scottis saw the Squyer
772 Had strikkin down that rank Reuer,
They left thair awin schip standand waist,
And in the Inglis schip, in haist,
They followit, all, thair Capitane;

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>776 And sone wes all the Sutheroun slane.
 Howbeit thay wer of greiter number,
 The Scottismen put thame in sic cummer,
 That thay wer fane to leif the Feild,</p> <p>780 Cryand mercie, than did thame 3eild.
 3it wes the Squyer straikand fast
 At the Capitane ; till, at the last,
 Quhen he persauit no remeid,</p> <p>784 Outher to 3eild, or to be deid,
 He said : O gentill Capitane,
 Thoill me not for to be slane.
 My lyfe to 3ow salbe mair pryse</p> <p>788 Nor sall my deith, ane thowsand syse :
 For 3e may get, as I suppois,
 Thrie thowsand Nobillis of the Rois
 Of me and of my companie :</p> <p>792 Thairfoir, I cry 3ow loud mercie.
 Except my lyfe, nothing I craif :
 Tak 3ow the schip and all the laif.
 I 3eild to 3ow baith sword and knyfe ;</p> <p>796 Thairfoir, gude Maister, saue my Lyfe.
 The Squyer tuik him be the hand,
 And on his feit he gart him stand,
 And treittit him richt tenderly,</p> <p>800 And, syne, vnto his men did cry,
 And gaif to thame richt strait command,
 To straik no moir, bot hald thair hand.
 Than baith the Capitanes ran and red ;</p> <p>804 And so thair wes na mair blude shed.
 Than all the laif thay did thame 3eild,
 And to the Scottis gaif sword and sheild.
 Ane Nobill Leiche the Squyer had,—</p> <p>808 Quhairof the Inglismen wes full glaid,—
 To quhome the Squyer gaif command
 The woundit men to tak on hand :
 And so he did, with diligence,</p> | <p>Southrone,
 though
 surpassing
 themselves in
 number.</p> <p>The Squire was
 getting the
 better of the
 Captain,
 who, tempting
 his adversary</p> <p>with rich promise</p> <p>of gold, begged</p> <p>for mercy.</p> <p>He would give up</p> <p>ship and all, for</p> <p>his life.</p> <p>The Squire lifted</p> <p>him up, and gave</p> <p>order to cease</p> <p>fighting ;</p> <p>and the fighting</p> <p>ceased,</p> <p>in favour of the</p> <p>Scots.</p> <p>The Squire's</p> <p>leech was</p> <p>directed to look</p> <p>after</p> <p>the wounded ;</p> |
|--|--|

- and he was
recompensed.
The wounded,
dying, and dead
disposed of, it
was found that
five score English
were slain, and
fifteen of Scots.
The English
Captain, seeing
this upshot, went
into a frenzy,
defied Fortune,
and thought
better of
his former
opinion of the
Scots.
The Squire
cheered him as
best he could,
and proposed
dinner and wine.
They drank,
and set sail;
some of the
English being
landed in Kent,
while others
went to Scotland.
The English
Captain was
imprisoned,
with his
company, till he
paid their
- 812 Quhairof he gat gude recompence.
Than, quhen the woundit men wer drest,
And all the deand men confest,
And deid men cassin in the See,—
- 816 Quhilk to behald wes greit pietie,—
Thair was slane, of Inglis band,
Fyue scoir of men, I vnderstand,—
The quhilk wer cruell men and kene,—
- 820 And of the Scottis wer slane fyftene.
And, quhen the Inglis Capitane
Saw how his men wer tane and slane,
And how the Scottis, sa few in number,
- 824 Had put thame in sa greit ane cummer,
He grew intill ane frenesy,
Sayand: fals Fortoun, I the defy;
For I beleuit, this day at morne,
- 828 That he was not in Scotland borne,
That durst haue met me, hand for hand,
Within the boundis of my brand.
The Squyer bad him mak gude cheir,
- 832 And said, it wes bot chance of Weir.
Greit Conquerouris, I ȝow assure,
Hes hapnit siclike aduenture:
Thairfoir, mak mirrie, and go dyne,
- 836 And let vs preif the michtie wyne.
Sum drank wyne, and sum drank Aill;
Syne, put the shippis vnder sail,
And waillit furth of the Inglis band
- 840 Twa hundreth men, and put on land,
Quyetlie, on the Coist of Kent;
The laif in Scotland with him went.
The Inglis Capitane, as I ges,
- 844 He wairdit him in the Blaknes,
And treitit him richt honestlie,
Togither with his companie,
And held thame in that Garnisoun,

- 848 Till thay had payit thair Ransoun.
 Out throw the land than sprang the fame,
 That Squyer Meldrum wes cum hame.
 Quhen thay hard tell how he debaitit,
 852 With euerie man he was sa treitit,
 That, quhen he trauellit throw the land,
 Thay bankettit him fra hand to hand,
 With greit solace ; till, at the last,
 856 Out throw Straitherne the Squyer past.
 And, as it did approch the nicht,
 Of ane Castell he gat ane sicht,
 Beside ane Montane, in ane vail ;
 860 And than, efter his greit trauaill,
 He purpoisit him to repois,
 Quhair ilk man did of him rejois.
 Of this triumphant plesand place
 864 Ane lustie Ladie wes Maistres,
 Quhais Lord was deid schort tyme befor,
 Quhairthrow hir dolour wes the moir.
 Bot 3it scho take sum comforting,
 868 To heir the plesant dulce talking
 Of this young Squyer, of his chance,
 And how it fortunit him in France.
 This Squyer and the Ladie gent
 872 Did wesche, and then to supper went.
 During that nicht thair was nocht ellis
 Bot for to heir of his Nouellis.
 Eneas, quhen he fled from Troy,
 876 Did not Quene Dido greiter Ioy,
 Quhen he in Carthage did arryue,
 And did the seige of Troy discryue.
 The wonderis that he did reheirs
 880 Wer langsum for to put in vers,
 Of quhilk this Ladie did rejois.
 Thay drank, and syne went to repois.
 He fand his Chalmer weill arrayit

ransom.

The Squire,
 returned with
 fame, was well
 treated and
 banquetted
 throughout the
 land.

Travelling, once,
 towards night he
 espied a castle,
 where he found
 hospitable
 reception.

The castle
 belonged to a
 lady whose lord
 had lately died,
 to her grief.

Yet she showed
 interest in the
 Squire's account
 of his adventures.
 After supper, he
 went on talking

as before.
 Aeneas did not
 please Dido more
 than the Squire
 the lady,
 with his
 wondrous
 exploits.

The Squire was

- well housed, and 884 With dornik work on buird displayit.
 fed with good Of Uenisoun he had his wail,
 meat and drink; Gude Aquavite, Wyne, and Aill,
 and he fared With nobill Confeittis, Bran, and Geill ;
 bravely. 888 And swa the Squyer fuir richt weill.
 The lady tells Sa, to heir mair of his narratioun,
 him he is This Ladie come to his Collatioun,
 welcome; and he Sayand he was richt welcum hame.
 thanks her. 892 Grandmercie ! than, quod he, Madame.
 They played Thay past the time with Ches and Tabill ;—
 games; and then For he to euerie game was abill ;—
 the Squire Than vnto bed drew euerie wicht ;
 escorted her to 896 To Chalmer went this Ladie bricht,
 her bedroom, The quhilk this Squyer did conuoy ;
 and went to his Syne, till his bed he went, with Ioy.
 own. That nicht he sleipit neuer ane wink,
 But he could not . Bot still did on the Ladie think ;
 sleep a wink; for 900 Cupido, with his fyrie dart,
 Cupid had Did peirs him so out throw the hart.
 pierced his Sa all that nicht he did bot murn it ;
 heart; and he 904 Sum tyme sat vp, and sumtyme turnit,
 made his moan Sichand with monie gant and grane,
 to Venus, To fair Venus makand his mane,
 complaining Sayand : Ladie, quhat may this mene ?
 that, just before 908 I was ane fre man lait 3istrene,
 free, he had been And now ane catiue bound and thrall
 taken captive. For ane that I think Flour of all.
 If she only knew I pray God sen scho knew my mynd,
 his mind! 912 How, for hir saik, I am sa pynd.
 He wished Wald God I had bene 3it in France,
 himself back in Or I had hapnit sic mischance,
 France, rather To be subject or seruiture
 than subject to one careless of
 him. 916 Till ane quhilk takis of me na cure !
 The lady This Ladie ludgit neirhand by,
 overhears the And hard the Squyer priuely,
 Squire bewalling With dreidfull hart makand his mone,

- 920 With monie cairfull gant and grone.
 Hir hart fulfillit with pietie,
 Thocht scho wald haif of him mercie,
 And said : howbeit I suld be slane,
 924 He sall haue lufe for lufe agane.
 Wald God I nicht, with my honour,
 Haue him to be my Paramour !
 This wes the mirrie tyme of May,
 928 Quhen this fair Ladie, freshe and gay,
 Start vp, to take the hailsum Air,
 With pantonis on hir feit ane pair,
 Airlie into ane cleir morning,
 932 Befoir fair Phœbus vprying,
 Kirtill alone, withouttin Clok ;
 And saw the Squyeris dure vnlok.
 Scho slippit in, or euer he wist,
 936 And fenzeitlie past till ane kist,
 And with hir keyis oppinnit the Lokkis,
 And maid hir to take furth ane Boxe :
 Bot that was not hir erand thair.
 940 With that, this lustie young Squyar
 Saw this Ladie so plesantlie
 Cum to his Chalmer quyetlie,
 In Kyrtil of fyne Damais broun,
 944 Hir goldin traissis hingand doun.
 Hir Pappis wer hard, round, and quhyte,
 Quhome to behald wes greit delyte.
 Lyke the quhyte lyllie wes hir lyre ;
 948 Hir hair was like the reid gold wyre ;
 Hir schankis quhyte withouttin hois,
 Quhairat the Squyer did rejois.
 And said, than : now, vailze quod vailze,
 952 Upon the Ladie thow mak ane sailze.
 Hir Courlyke Kirtill was vnlaist,
 And sone into his armis hir braist,
 And said to hir : Madame, gudemorne !

determines
 that he shall
 have love
 for love,
 and sighs
 for him.
 She gets up, the
 sun not yet risen,
 puts on her
 slippers, and sees
 that the Squire's
 door is unlocked.
 She slips into his
 room, and,
 as a pretext,
 opens a chest, to
 take out a box.
 He sees
 her come
 quietly into
 his bedroom,
 scans her
 unconcealed
 charms with
 great relish,
 and grows
 amorous.
 As she is he clasps
 her, wishes her
 good-morrow,

- and will die, 956 Help me, 3our man that is forlorne.
 Without 3e mak me sum remeid,
 unless she relieves Withouttin dout I am bot deid ;
 him. Quhairfoir, 3e mon releif my harmes.
 He talks, and 960 With that, he hint hir in his armes,
 And talkit with hir on the flure ;
 makes all secure. Syne, quyetlie did bar the dura.
 She pretends Squyer, quod scho, quhat is 3our will ?
 to have a 964 Think 3e my womanheid to spill ?
 Na, God forbid ! it wer greit syn :
 scruple. My Lord and 3e wes neir of Kyn.
 She would get a Quhairfoir, I mak 3ow supplicatioun,
 dispensation, 968 Pas, and seik ane dispensatioun ;
 Than sall I wed 3ow with ane Ring ;
 and then marry Than may 3e leif at 3our lyking :
 him, quite For 3e ar 3young, lustie, and fair,
 agreeable to her. 972 And, als, 3e ar 3our Fatheris Air.
 She praises him, Thair is na Ladie, in all this land,
 and proposes May 3ow refuse to hir Husband ;
 terms for his And, gif 3e lufe me as 3e say,
 becoming her 976 Haist to dispens the best 3e may ;
 And thair to 3ow I geue my hand,
 husband. I sall 3ow take to my Husband.
 He would ever Quod he : quhill that I may indure,
 serve her, but is 980 I vow to be 3our seruiture ;
 Bot I think greit vexatioun
 impatient. To tarie vpon dispensatioun.
 They kiss and Than in his armis he did hir thirst,
 embrace. 984 And aither vther sweetlie kist ;
 And wame for wame thay vther braissit :
 Cupid enters With that, hir Kirtill wes vnlaissit.
 their hearts ; Than Cupido, with his fyrie dartis,
 and the 988 Inflammit sa thir Luiferis hartis,
 twain proceed, Thay nicht na maner of way disseuer,
 in due Bot, like wodbind, thay wer baith wrappit.

- 992 Thair tenderlie he hes hir happit,
Full softlie vp, intill his Bed :
Iudge 3e gif he hir schankis shed.
Allace ! quod scho, quhat may this mene ?
- 996 And with hir hair scho dicht hir Ene.
I can not tell how thay did play ;
Bot I beleue scho said not nay.
He pleisit hir sa, as I hard sane,
- 1000 That he was welcum ay agane.
Scho rais, and tenderlie him kist,
And on his hand ane Ring scho thrist ;
And he gaif hir ane lufe drowrie,
- 1004 Ane Ring set with ane riche Rubie,
In takin that thair Lufe for euer
Suld neuer frome thir twa disseuer.
And than scho passit vnto hir Chalmer,
- 1008 And fand hir madinnis, sweit as Lammer,
Sleipand full sound ; and nothing wist
How that thair Ladie past to the Kist.
Quod thay : Madame, quhair haue 3e bene ?
- 1012 Quod scho : into my Gardine grene,
To heir thir mirrie birdis sang :
I lat 3ow wit, I thocht not lang,
Thocht I had taryit thair quhill None.
- 1016 Quod thai : quhair wes 3our hois & schone ?
Quhy 3eid 3e with 3our bellie bair ?
Quod scho : the morning wes sa fair :
For, be him that deir Iesus sauld,
- 1020 I felt na wayis ony maner of cauld.
Quod thay : Madame, me think 3e sweit.
Quod scho : 3e see I sufferit heit ;
The dew did sa on flouris fleit,
- 1024 That baith my Lymmies ar maid weit :
Thairfoir ane quhyle I will heir ly,
Till this dulce dew be fra me dry.
Ryse, and gar mak our denner reddie.
- course, to
natural
extremities ;
she covering
her eyes with
her hair.
Her solace was
such that he
was welcome
ever after.
She rises,
kisses him
tenderly, and they
exchange token
of constancy.
She returns to
her room, and
finds her maids
still sleeping.
Where had she
been ?
In the garden,
where the time
passed swiftly.
Why did she go
out in undress ?
Because she did
not feel it cold.
Why was she
so moist ?
From the heat and
from the dew.
She will lie and
dry herself.
They are to go

- About their work. 1028 That salbe done, quod thay, my Ladie.
 Efter that scho had tane hir rest,
 She rests, rises, dresses, goes to
 Mass, and appears. Sho rais, and in hir Chalmer hir drest,
 And, efter Mes, to denner went.
- The Squire 1032 Than wes the Squyer diligent
 proceeds with To declair monie sindrie storie
 his stories. Worthie to put in Memorie.
- The lovers turn Quhat sall we of thir Luiferis say,
 to good account 1036 Bot, all this tyme of lustie May,
 this pleasant They past the tyme with Ioy and blis,
 May, Full quyetlie, with monie ane kis!
 undetected. Thair was na Creature that knew
- 1040 3it of thir Luiferis Chalmer glew.
 And sa he leuit, plesandlie,
 The Squire Ane certane time, with his Ladie ;
 makes some Sum time with halking and hunting,
- 1044 Sum time with wantoun hors rinning,
 stay, diverting And, sum time, like ane man of weir,
 himself in various Full galzardlie wald ryn ane speir.
 ways. He wan the pryse abone thame all,
- 1048 Baith at the Buttis and the Futeball.
 He was an adept Till euerie solace he was abill,
 at all manner of At cartis, and dyce, at Ches, and tabill :
 games. And, gif 3e list, I sall 3ow tell
- 1052 How that he seigit ane Castell.
 Of a siege. Ane Messinger come spedilie,
 A courier comes, From the Lennox to that Ladie,
 and tells that And schew how that Makfagon,
- 1056 And with him monie bauld Baron,
 Macfarlane has Hir Castell had tane perfors,
 seized her castle, And nouthir left hir kow nor hors,
 and ravaged the And heryit all that land about ;
 country. Quhair of the Ladie had greit dout.
- 1060 Till hir Squyer scho passit in haist,
 In fear, she goes And schew him how scho wes opprest,
 to the Squire, And how he waistit monie ane myle
 and tells him
 what has befallen.

- 1064 Betuix Dunbartane and Argyle.
And, quhen the Squyer Meldrum
Had hard thir Nouellis, all and sum,
Intill his hart thair grew sic Ire,
1068 That all his bodie brint in fyre;
And swoir it suld be full deir said,
Gif he nicht find him in that hald.
He and his men did them addres,
1072 Richt haistelie, in thair Harnes;
Sum with bow, and sum with speir.
And he, like Mars, the God of weir,
Come to the Ladie, and tuke his leif;
1076 And scho gaif him hir richt hand gluif,
The quhilk he on his basnet bure,
And said: Madame, I 3ow assure,
That worthie Lancelot du laik
1080 Did neuer mair, for his Ladies saik,
Nor I sall do, or ellis de,
Without that 3e reuengit be.
Than in hir armes scho him braist;
1084 And he his leif did take in haist,
And raid that day, and all the nicht,
Till, on the morne, he gat ane sicht
Of that Castell, baith fair and strang.
1088 Than, in the middis, his men amang,
To michtie Mars his vow he maid,
That he suld neuer in hart be glaid,
Nor 3it returne furth of that land,
1092 Quhill that strenth wer at his command.
All the Tennentis of that Ladie
Come to the Squyer haistelie,
And maid aith of fidelitie,
1096 That they suld neuer fra him fle.
Quhen to Makferland, wicht and bauld,
The veritie, all haill, wes tauld,
How the 3oung Squyer Meldrum

On learning this
news, the Squire
warms with
wrath, and
declares himself
ready for all
hazards.
He and his
men arm
themselves.
He takes leave of
the lady, who
gives him her
right glove; and
he promises, that,
even at the cost of
his life, she shall
be revenged.
She embraces
him; and he
rides all that day,
and all the night,
before he comes
in sight of the
castle.
In the midst of
his men, he
swears to Mars
never to be
happy, nor to
leave the land,
till the castle
yields to him.
The lady's
tenants flock to
him, and make
oath to stand by
him to the last.
Macfarlane,
hearing of the
Squire's coming

- with intent to besiege the fortress, victuals it, resolved to defend it to the death. 1100 Wes now into the Cuntrie cum, Purpoisand to seige that place, Than vittailit he thar Fortres, And swoir he suld that place defend,
- The Squire makes preparations for action. 1104 Bauldlie, vntill his lyfis end. Be this, the Squyer wes arrayit, With his Baner bricht displayit, With culuering, hakbut, bow, and speir.
- He demands of Macfarlane to surrender. 1108 Of Makfarland he tuke na feir ; And, like ane Campioun courageous, He cryit and said : gif ouir the hous. The Capitane answerit, heichly,
- Macfarlane refuses, declaring that he will stay where he is. 1112 And said : tratour, we the defy : We sall remane this hous within, Into despyte of all thy kyn. With that, the Archeris, bauld and wicht,
- His men discharge their arrows at the Squire's band. 1116 Of braid arrowis let fle ane flicht Amang the Squyeris companie ; And thay, agane, richt manfullie, With Hakbute, Bow, and Culuaryne,
- The volley is returned, with good result. 1120 Quhilk put Makferlandis men to pyne ; And on thair colleris laid full sikker, And thair began ane bailfull bikker : Thair was bot schot and schot agane,
- Then follows a sharp fight ; and many are slain on each side. 1124 Till, on ilk side, thair wes men slane. Than cryit the Squyer couragious : Swyith ! lay the ledderis to the hous. And sa thay did, and clam, belyfe,
- The Squire calls for scaling-ladders, which are set up and mounted. 1128 As busie Beis dois to thair hyfe. Howbeit thair wes slane monie man, 3it wichtlie ouir the wallis they wan. The Squyer, formest of them all,
- The castle is entered ; and the Squire plants his banner on the wall. 1132 Plantit the Baner ouir the wall ; And than began the mortall fray : Thair wes not ellis bot tak and slay. Than Makferland, that maid the prais,
- The fighting still goes on. Macfarlane yields,

- 1136 From time he saw the Squyeris face,
Vpon his kneis he did him 3eild,
Deliuierand him baith speir and scheild.
The Squyer hartlie him ressaut,
1140 Commandand that he suld be sauit :
And sa did slaik that mortall feid,
Sa that na man wes put to deid.
In fre waird was Makferland seisit,
1144 And leit the laif gang quhair they pleisit.
And sa this Squyer amorous
Seigit and wan the Ladies hous,
And left thairin ane Capitane ;
1148 Syne, to Stratherne returnit agane,
Quhair that he with his fair Ladie
Ressaut wes full plesantlie,
And to tak rest did him conuoy :
1152 Iudge 3e gif thair wes mirth and Ioy.
Howbeit the Chalmer dure wes cloisit,
They did bot kis, as I suppois it :
Gif vther thing wes them betwene,
1156 Let them discouer, that Luiferis bene ;
For I am not in Lufe expart,
And neuer studyit in that art.
Thus they remainit in merines,
1160 Beleifand neuer to haue distres.
In that meine time, this Ladie fair
Ane douchter to the Squyer bair :
Nane fund wes fairer of visage.
1164 Than tuke the Squyer sic courage,
Agane the mirrie time of May,
Threttie he put in his Luferay,—
In Scarlot fyne, and of hew grene,
1168 Quhilk wes ane semelie sicht to sene.

The gentilmen, in all that land,
Wer glaid with him to mak ane band ;
And he wald plainelie tak thair partis,

and gives up to
the Squire his
speir and shield.
The Squire spares
his life; and
there is no more
bloodshed.
All but
Macfarlane are
let go.
The Squire leaves
a captain in
charge of the
castle, and
returns to
Stratherne,
where the fair
lady received
him most
graciously.
How far they
carried their
rejoicing let
lovers discover;
for I am
unstudied in the
art of such.
So their
happiness
continued.
The lady bore
the Squire a
daughter, of the
comeliest.
Against the
merry time of
May, he put
thirty of his
men in livery,
scarlet and green,
seemly to behold.
All the gentry
were fain of his
friendship, he
wishing only

- their good will; 1172 And not desyring bot thair hartis.
 and so he lived Thus leuit the Squyer plesandlie,
 pleasantly. With Musick and with Menstralie.
 Of this Ladie he wes sa glaid,
 He and the lady, 1176 Thair micht na sorrow mak him sad :
 whom he loved much, consoled each other,
 awaiting the dispensation. Ilk ane did vther consolatioun,
 Taryand vpon dispensatioun.
 But it was Had it cum hame, he had hir bruikit ;
 mismanaged ; 1180 Bot, or it come, it wes miscuikit :
 and the end was And all this game he bocht full deir,
 sore grief. As 3e at lenth sall efter heir.
 Joy leads to Of warldlie Ioy it wes weill kend,
 sorrow. 1184 That sorrow bene the fatall end ;
 Jealousy and For Ielousie and fals Inuie
 envy pursued him ; and, Did him persew richt cruellie,—
 consequently, he I meruell not thocht it be so ;
 had many a 1188 For they wer, euer, Luiferis fo :—
 quarrel, but yet Quhairthrow he stude in monie ane stour,
 always defended his honour. And ay defendit his honour.
 A cruel knight, Ane cruell Knicht dwelt neir hand by,
 who lived hard 1192 Quhilk at this Squyer had Inuy ;
 by, envied the Imaginand, intill his hart,
 Squire, aimed to How he thir Luiferis micht depart,
 part the lovers, And wald haue had hir maryand
 and wished the 1196 Ane gentilman, within his land,
 lady to marry The quhilk to him wes not in blude :
 some one else. Bot, finallie for to conclude,
 She, however, Thairto scho wald neuer assent.
 refused. 1200 Quhairfoir, the Knicht set his Intent
 So the knight This nobill Squyer for to destroy,
 resolved to kill the Squire, and And swore he suld neuer haue Ioy
 swore that one or In till his hart, without remeid,
 other of them 1204 Till ane of thame wer left for deid.
 should die. This vailzeand Squyer manfully
 The Squire In ernist or play did him defy,
 was quite Offerand him self for to assail,
 prepared for a

- 1208 Bodie for bodie, in battaill.
The Knicht thairto not condiscendit,
Bot to betrais him ay intendit.
 Sa it fell, anis vpon ane day,
- 1212 In Edinburgh, as I hard say :
This Squyer and the Ladie trew
Was thair, just matteris to persew.
That cruell Knicht, full of Inuy,
- 1216 Gart hald on them ane secreit Spy,
Quhen thai suld pas furth of the toun,
For this Squyeris confusioun,
Quhilk traistit no man suld him greiue,
- 1220 Nor of tressoun had no beleiue.
And tuik his licence from his Oist,
And liberallie did pay his Coist,
And sa departit, blyith and mirrie,
- 1224 With purpois to pas ouir the Ferrie.
He wes bot auchtsum in his rout ;
For of danger he had no dout.
The Spy come to the Knicht, anone,
- 1228 And him informit how they wer gone.
Than gadderit he his men in hy,
With thrie scoir in his company,
Accowterit weill in feir of weir,—
- 1232 Sum with bow, and sum with speir,—
And on the Squyer followit fast,
Till thay did see him, at the last,
With all his men richt weill arrayit,
- 1236 With cruell men nathing effrayit.
And, quhen the Ladie saw the rout,
God wait gif scho stude in greit dout.
Quod scho : 3our enemeis I see ;
- 1240 Thairfoir, sweit hart, I reid 3ow fle :
In the cuntrey I will be kend :
3e ar na partie to defend.
3e knaw 3one Knichtis crueltie,

duel with him ;
but the knight
preferred
treachery.
One day the
Squire and the
ladie chanced to
go to Edinburgh.
The cruel knight,
full of envy, set a
spy, to watch
when they should
pass out of the
town.
The Squire
departed,
suspecting
nothing, with
purpose to cross
the ferry.
His party was of
eight.
The spy notified
their starting.
The knight
collected his men,
—three score, and
armed with bows
or spears,—gave
chase, and at last
came in sight of
the Squire and
his dauntless
band.
The lady was
alarmed.
She advises the
Squire to take to
flight,
overmatched,
from the cruel
knight ;

- since he 1244 That in his hart hes no mercie.
 sought her It is bot ane that thay wald haue ;
 alone. Thairfoir, deir hart, your self 3e saue.
 She would soon Howbeit thay tak me with this trane,
 find her way 1248 I salbe sone at 3ow agane :
 to him. For 3e war neuer sa hard staid.
 He replies, Madame, quod he, be 3e not raid ;
 declining to turn For, be the halie Trinitie,
 his back. 1252 This day ane fute I will not fle.
 He draws his And, be he had endit this word,
 sword, disposes He drew ane lang twa-handit sword,
 his men, and And put his aucht men in array,
 encourages them. 1256 And bad that thay suld tak na fray.
 The knight Than to the Squyer cryit the Knight,
 demands the And said : send me the Ladie bricht.
 lady. Do 3e not sa, be Goddis Croce,
 If not given 1260 I sall hir tak away perforce.
 up, he will The Squyer said : be thow ane Knight,
 seize her. Cum furth to me, and shaw the richt,
 The Squire calls Bot hand for hand, without redding,
 on him, if a That thair be na mair blude shedding :
 knight, to fight And, gif thow winnis me in the feild,
 with him single- I sall my Ladie to the 3eild.
 handed. 1264 The Knight durst not, for all his land,
 Beaten, he will Fecht with this Squyer hand for hand.
 give up the lady. The Squyer than saw no remeid,
 The knight will Bot outhter to fecht or to be deid.
 not venture. 1268 To heuin he liftit vp his visage,
 A contest was Cryand to God, with hie courage :
 inevitable. To the my querrell I do commend :
 He looks to Syne, bowtit fordwart, with ane bend.
 heaven, With countenance baith bauld and stout,
 commends his 1272 He rudelie rushit in that rout ;
 cause to God, With him, his litill companie,
 and prepares for Quhilk them defendit manfullie.
 work. The Squyer, with his birneist brand,
 He and his 1276
 company dash
 forward,
 courageously.
 The Squire

- 1280 Amang his fa-men maid sic hand,
That Gaudefer, as sayis the Letter,
At Gadderis Ferrie faucht no better.
His sword he swappit sa about,
- 1284 That he greit roum maid in the rout ;
And, like ane man that was dispairit,
His wapoun sa on thame he wairit,
Quhome euer he hit, as I hard say,
- 1288 Thay did him na mair deir, that day.
Quha euer come within his boundis,
He chaipit not but mortall woundis.
Sum mutilate wer, and sum wer slane,
- 1292 Sum fled, and come not ȝit agane.
He hat the Knicht abone the breis,
That he fell fordwart on his kneis :
Wer not Thome Giffard did him saue,
- 1296 The Knicht had sone bene in his graue.
Bot than the Squyer, with his brand,
Hat Thomas Giffard on the hand :
From that time furth, during his lyfe,
- 1300 He neuer weildit sword nor knyfe.
Than come ane sort, as brim as beiris,
And in him festnit fyftene speiris,
In purpois to haue borne him down :
- 1304 Bot he, as forcie Campioun,
Amang thai wicht men wrocht greit wounder ;
For all thai speiris he schure in sunder.
Nane durst cum neir him, hand for hand,
- 1308 Within the boundis of his brand.
This worthie Squyer courageous
Micht be compairit to Tydeus,
Quhilk faucht for to defend his Richtis,
- 1312 And slew of Thebes fyftie Knichtis.
Rolland, with Brandwell, his bricht brand,
Faucht neuer better, hand for hand ;
Nor Gawin, aganis Golibras ;

acquitted himself
manfully with his
bright sword.
He hewed about
him, making
great gaps ;
and no one that
he struck did
him any more
harm that day.
A blow from him
was death.
His execution
was terrible.
He knocks the
knight to his
knees.
Tom Giffard
interposes,
who gets a blow,
from the Squire,
on the hand,
disabling it for
life.
A crowd of
fifteen assault
him with spears ;
but he hews all
their weapons
in two.
None durst attack
him singly.
For his courage,
the Squire may
be compared
with Tydeus of
Thebes.
None of
the famous
knights of

- romance ever 1316 Nor Olyuer, with Pharambras.
I wait he faucht, that day, als weil
fought better As did Sir Gryme aganis Graysteill.
And I dar say, he was als abill
than he fought on
that day; 1320 As onie Knicht of the round Tabill,
And did his honour mair auance
and this, Sirs, I Nor onie of thay Knichtis, perchance;
undertake to The quhilk I offer me to preif,
prove, with your leave. 1324 Gif that 3e pleis, Sirs, with 3our leif.
Amang thay Knichts wes maid ane hand,
The knights That they suld fecht bot hand for hand,
aforesaid fought Assurit that thair suld cum no mo.
man for man, by compact;
but the Squire 1328 With this Squyer it stude not so;
always had five His stalwart stour quha wald discryfe,
against him. Aganis ane man thair come, ay, fyfe.
The cruel tyrant Quhen that this cruell tyrane Knicht
knight, seeing the 1332 Saw the Squyer sa wounder wicht,
Squire so hard to And had no micht him to destroy,
kill, falls into a Into his hart thair grew sic noy,
great passion. 1336 That he was abill for to rage,
He and his men That no man micht his Ire asswage.
will be accounted Fy on vs ! said he to his men :
craven, if the Ay aganis ane, sen we ar ten,
Squire escapes. 1340 Chaip he away, we ar eschamit ;
He must not Like cowartis, we salbe defamit.
escape. I had rather be in hellis pane,
Or he suld chaip fra vs vnslane.
Three men are And callit thrie of his companie,
sent to his rear. 1344 Said : pas behind him, quyetlie.
And sa thay did, richt secreitlie,
There they hack And come behind him, cowartlie,
at him, the And hackit on his hochis and theis,
cowards; and he Till that he fell vpon his kneis.
falls on his knees. 1348 3it, quhen his schankis wer schorne in sunder,
Even in that Vpon his kneis he wrocht greit wounder;
plight, he wieldes Sweipand his sword round about,
his sword
effectively, not

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1352 Not haifand of the deith na dout.
 Durst nane approche within his boundis,
 Till that his cruell mortall woundis
 Bled sa, that he did swap in swoun ;</p> <p>1356 Perforce behuifit him, than, fall doun.
 And, quhen he lay vpon the ground,
 They gaif him monie cruell wound,
 That men on far nicht heir the knokkis,</p> <p>1360 Like boucheouris hakkand on thair stokks.
 And, finallie, without remeid,
 They left him lyand thair, for deid,
 With ma woundis of sword and knyfe</p> <p>1364 Nor euer had man that keipit lyfe.
 Quhat suld I of thir tratouris say ?
 Quhen they had done, they fled away.
 Bot than this lustie ladie fair,</p> <p>1368 With dolent hart, scho maid sic cair,
 Quhilk wes greit pietie for to reheirs,
 And langsum for to put in vers.
 With teiris scho wuische his bludie face,</p> <p>1372 Sichand with manie loud allace.
 Allace ! quod scho, that I was borne !
 In my querrell thow art forlorne.
 Sall neuer man, efter this hour,</p> <p>1376 Of my bodie haue mair plesour ;
 For thow was gem of gentilnes,
 And werie well of worthines.
 Than to the eirth scho rushit doun,</p> <p>1380 And lay intill ane deidlie swoun.
 Be that, the Regent of the land
 Fra Edinburgh come fast rydand :
 Sir Anthonie Darsie wes his name,</p> <p>1384 Ane Knicht of France, and man of fame,
 Quhilk had the guiding, haillilie,
 Vnder Iohne, Duke of Albanie,
 Quhilk wes to our young King Tutour,</p> | <p>fearing death.

 From loss of

 blood, he falls

 down, fainting.

 Even then his
 adversaries
 continued their
 attack on him.

 There they left
 him, wounded as
 never man was
 that survived.
 Then they fled
 away.

 The lady
 theresupon
 bewails herself
 with bitter grief.
 She weeps over
 him, and laments
 that she had been
 born.
 No more lovers

 for her, after

 him !

 Then she falls
 into a swoon.
 Directly the
 Regent came
 riding from
 Edinburgh, to the
 rescue.

 He was then a
 man of great</p> |
|--|--|

- authority ; under 1388 And of all Scotland Gouvernour.
 the King, five Our King was bot fyue 3eiris of age,
 years of age. That time quhen done wes the outrage.
 He was distressed Quhen this gude Knicht the Squyer saw,
 to see the Squire 1392 Thus lyand in till his deid thraw,
 in such a Wo is me ! quod he, to see this sicht
 condition. On the, quhilk worthie wes and wicht.
 He wished he had Wald God that I had bene with the,
 been with the 1396 As thow in France was anis with me,
 Squire, as the Into the land of Picardy,
 Squire was with Quhair Inglis men had greit Inuy
 him once in 1400 To haue me slane,—sa they intendit ;—
 Picardie. Bot manfullie thow me defendit,
 Never was there And vailzeandlie did saue my lyfe.
 seen a Was neuer man, with sword nor knyfe,—
 better fighter 1404 Nocht Hercules, I dar weill say,—
 than he against That euer faucht better for ane day.
 the Southrons. Defendand me within ane stound,
 He will do what Thow dang seir Sutheroun to the ground.
 he can, in 1408 I may the mak no help, allace !
 following up the Bot I sall follow on the chace,
 knight ; Richt spedilie, baith day and nicht,
 he will cast him Till I may get that cruell Knicht.
 into prison, and 1412 I mak ane vow, gif I may get him,
 strike off his In till ane Presoun I sall set him ;
 head. And, quhen I heir that thow beis deid,
 So saying, he Than sall my handis straik of his heid.
 departs, and With that, 'he gaue his hors the spurris,
 comes up with 1416 And spedelie flaw ouir the furris :
 the knight, He and his Gaird, with all thair micht,
 whom he They ran, till thai ouirtuik the Knicht.
 valorously takes 1420 Quhen he approchit, he lichtit down,
 captive, And, like ane vailzeand Campioun,
 sends back, and He tuik the Tyrane presonar,
 consigns to And send him backward to Dumbar ;
 prison And thair remainit in presoun,

- 1424 Ane certane time, in that Dungeoun.
 Let him ly thair, with mekill cair;
 And speik we of our heynd Squyar,
 Of quhome we can not speik bot gude.
- 1428 Quhen he lay bathand in his blude,
 His freindis and his Ladie fair
 They maid for him sic dule and cair,
 Quhilk wer greit pietie to deploir:
- 1432 Of that matter I speik no moir.
 Thay send for Leiches, haistelie;
 Syne, buir his bodie, tenderlie,
 To ludge into ane fair ludgyne,
- 1436 Quhair he ressaut medicyne.
 The greitest Leichis of the land
 Come, all, to him, without command,
 And all practikis on him prouit,
- 1440 Becaus he was sa weill belouit.
 Thay tuik on hand his life to saue;
 And he thame gaif quhat they wald haue.
 Bot he sa lang lay into pane,
- 1444 He turnit to be ane Chirurgiane;
 And, als, be his naturall ingyne,
 He lernit the Art of Medicyne.
 He saw thame on his bodie wrocht,
- 1448 Quhairfoir the Science wes deir bocht.
 Bot, efterward, quhen he was haille,
 He spairit na coist, nor 3it trauaill,
 To preif his practikis on the pure,
- 1452 And on thame preuit monie ane cure,
 On his expensis, without reward:
 Of Money he tuik na regaird.
 3it sum thing will we commoun mair
- 1456 Of this Ladie, quhilk maid greit cair,
 Quhilk to the Squyer wes mair pane
 Nor all his woundis, in certane.
 And than hir freindis did conclude,
- for a time.
 Leaving him, let
 us return to the
 Squire.
 His friends and
 the lady were in
 great grief at his
 case, in short.
 Doctors were
 summoned;
 and he was
 lodged and
 medicined.
 Every remedy
 was tried, so
 greatly was he
 beloved.
 No expense was
 spared.
 The length of his
 own cure
 converted him
 into a chirurgion.
 He bought his
 skill dearly.
 Afterwards, when
 made whole, he
 practised
 medicine for
 behalf of the
 poor, but quite
 regardless
 of recompence.
 Something
 further of the
 lady, which
 pained the Squire
 more
 than all his
 wounds.
 Her friends

- would send her 1460 Becaus scho nicht do him na gude,
home; and home That scho suld take hir leif and go
she went. Till hir cuntrie; and scho did so.
The lovers never Bot thir luiferis met neuer agane,
met again; and 1464 Quhilk wes to thame ane lestand pane;
she was married For scho, aganis hir will, wes maryit,
against her will. Quhairthrow hir weird scho daylie waryit.
Still, her heart Howbeit hir bodie wes absent,
was constantly 1468 Hir tender hart wes ay present,
with the Squire. Baith nicht and day, with hir Squyar.
Never did Wes neuer Creature that maid sic cair :
any woman Penelope for Vlisses,
of story pine 1472 I wait, had neuer mair distres ;
more for the Nor Cresseid for trew Troylus
loss of her lover. Wes not tent part sa dolorous.
She left him I wait it wes aganis hir hart
reluctantly. 1476 That scho did from hir Lufe depart.
Helen did not Helene had not sa mekill noy,
grieve more. Quhen scho perforce wes brocht to Troy.
Let us return to I leif hir, than, with hart full sore,
the Squire. 1480 And speik now of this Squyer more.
Once again Quhen this Squyer wes hail & sound,
recovering, the And softlie nicht gang on the ground,
Squire To the Regent he did complane ;
complained to the 1484 Bot he, allace ! wes richt sone slane
Regent; but he Be Daid Hume, of Wedderburne,
was soon The quhilk gart monie Frenchemen murne ;
afterwards slain, For thair was nane mair nobill Knight,
—most noble, Mair vailzeand, mair wyse, mair wicht.
valiant, and wise. 1488 And, sone efter that crueltie,
The knight was The Knight was put to libertie,
then set at The quhilk the Squyer had opprest :
liberty; and so Sa wes his matter left vndrest.
the matter was 1492
left undressed. Becaus the King was 3oung of age,
The king being Than tyrannis rang, into thair rage.
young, tyrants ruled.
At last he was Bot, efterward, as I hard say,

- 1496 On Striuling brig, vpon ane day,
This Knicht wes slane with crueltie,
And that day gat na mair mercie
Nor he gaif to the 3oung Squyar.
- 1500 I say na mair : let him ly thair :
For cruell men, 3e may weill see,
They end, oftentimes, with crueltie.
For Christ to Peter said this word,
- 1504 Quha euer straikis with ane sword,
That man salbe with ane sword slane :
That saw is suith, I tell 3ow plane.
He menis, quha straikis cruellie,
- 1508 Aganis the Law, without mercie.
Bot this Squyer to nane offendit,
Bot manfullie him self defendit.
Wes neuer man, with sword nor knyfe,
- 1512 Micht saif thair honour and thair lyfe,
As did the Squyer, all his dayis,
With monie terribill effrayis.
Wald I at lenth his lyfe declair,
- 1516 I micht weill writ ane vther quair.
Bot, at this time, I may not mend it,
Bot shaw 3ow how the Squyer endit.
Thair dwelt in Fyfe ane agit Lord,
- 1520 That of this Squyer hard record,
And did desire, richt hartfullie,
To haue him in his companie ;
And send for him with diligence.
- 1524 And he come with obedience,
And lang time did with him remane,
Of quhome this agit Lord was fane ;—
Wyse men desiris, commounlie,
- 1528 Wyse men into thair companie ;—
For he had bene in monie ane Land,
In Flanderis, France, and in Ingland ;
Quhairfor the Lord gaif him the cure
- slain ruthlessly,
and got no more
mercy than he
had shewn to the
Squire.
- The cruel
often meet
a like end.
- This is according
to what Christ
declared to S.
Peter,
- which applies to
those who use the
sword against the
law.
- The Squire was
none such.
- It was for his
honour and his
life that he
fought.
- To cut short
his history,
I will tell
how it ended.
- An aged lord, in
Fife, hearing of
the Squire, sent
for him, to be his
companion.
- He came and
stayed, well-liked ;
—the wise affect
the wise,—for the
nobleman
was travelled.
- The Squire was

- placed over 1532 Of his houshald, I ȝow assure,
the nobleman's And, in his Hall, cheif Merschall,
household. And auditour of his comptis all.
- He was a He was ane richt Courticiane,
courtier, and also 1536 And in the Law ane Practiciane ;
knew the law ; Quhairfoir, during this Lordis lyfe,
and he was a just Tchyref depute he wes in Fyfe,—
judge, To euerie man ane equall Iudge,—
befriending 1540 And of the pure he wes refuge,
the poor. And with Iustice did thame support,
Also, he showed And curit thair sairis with greit comfort ;
himself a For, as I did reheirs before,
benefactor, from 1544 Of Medicine he take the Lore.
his knowledge of Quhen he saw the Chirurgience
medicine ; and, as Vpon him do thair diligence,
a leech, he Experience maid him perfyte ;
wrought many a 1548 And of the Science take sic delyte,
cure, without That he did monie thriftie cure,
thought of And, speciallie, vpon the pure,
reward. Without rewarid for his expensis,
Pelf he valued 1552 Without regaird or recompensis.
not at all. To gold, to siluer, or to rent,
His honour was This Nobill Squyer take litill tent.
all to him. Of all this warld na mair he craift,
1556 Sa that his honour might be saifit.
Once a year he And, ilk ȝeir, for his Ladies saik,
gave a great Ane Banket Royall wald he maik ;
banquet, in And that he maid on the Sondag
memory of his 1560 Precedand to Asch wednisday,
lady ; and it With wyld foull, venisoun, and wyne,
lacked no good With tairt, and flam, and frutage fyne :
thing in meat or Of Bran and Geill thair wes na skant ;
drink. 1564 And Ipocras he wald not want.
Thereto came I haue sene sittand at his Tabill,
lords, ladies, Lordis and Lairdis honorabill,
knights, and With Knichtis & monie ane gay Squyar,—
squires ; and

- 1568 Quhilk wer to lang for to declair,—
 With mirth, Musick, and menstrallie.
 All this he did for his Ladie,
 And, for hir saik, during his lyfe,
 1572 Wald neuer be weddit to ane wyfe.
 And, quhen he did declayne to age,
 He faillit neuer of his courage.
 Of ancient storyis for to tell,
 1576 Abone all vther he did precell ;
 Sa that euerilk Creature
 To heir him speik thay tuke plesure.
 Bot all his deidis honorabill
 1580 For to descryue I am not abill.
 Of euerie man he was commendit,
 And, as he leiuit, sa he endit ;
 Plesandlie, till he nicht indure,
 1584 Till dolent deith come to his dure,
 And cruellie, with his mortall dart,
 He straik the Squyer throw the hart.
 His saull, with Ioy Angelicall,
 1588 Past to the Heuin Imperiall.
 Thus, at the Struther, into Fyfe,
 This nobill Squyer loist his lyfe.
 I pray to Christ for to conuoy
 1592 All sic trew Luiferis to his Ioy.
 Say 3e Amen ! for Cheritie.
 Adew ! 3e sall get na mair of me.

there were
 music and
 merriment.

For his lady's
 sake, he never
 took him a wife.

To the last he
 was brave.

He talked well ;
 and all listened
 to him with
 pleasure.

But I describe
 him feebly.

He was
 commended of
 every one ; and,
 as he lived, so he
 died, when his
 time came.

His soul went to
 Heaven.

He died at
 Struther, in Fyfe.

Christ save all
 true lovers !

Say Amen !

I have done.

FINIS.

The Testament
OF THE NOBILL AND VAILZEAND SQVYER,
William Mel drum,
OF THE BYNNIS.

COMPLYT BE

Sir David Lindesay of the Mount, &c.

- THE Holie man Ioh, ground of pacience,
In his greit trubill trewlie did report,—
Quhilk I persauē, now, be Experience,—
- Life is fleeting.* 4 That mennis lyfe, in eirth, bene wounder short.
My youth is gane ; and eild now dois resort :
My time is gane ; I think it bot ane dreame :
3it efter deith remane sall my gude fame.
- 8 I persauē shortlie that I man pay my det :
To me in eirth no place bene permanent :
My hart on it no mair now will I set,
I make my testament. Bot, with the help of God omnipotent,
- 12 With resolute mind, go mak my Testament,
And tak my leif at cuntriemen and kyn,
And all the warld : and thus I will begyn.
- Thrie Lordis to me salbe Executouris,—
- 16 Lindesayis, all thrie, in surname of renoun :
Of my Testament thay sall haue hail the cure,
To put my mind till executioun.
That Surname failzeit neuer to the Croun ;
- 20 Na mair will thay to me, I am richt sure,
Quhilk is the caus that I giue them the cure.
- I name my executors :*

- First, Daud, Erll of Craufuird, wise & wicht ;
 And Iohne, Lord Lindesay, my maister special.
- 24 The thrid salbe ane nobill trauellit Knicht,
 Quhilk knawis the coistis of Feistis funeral : three noble
Lindesays.
 The wise Sir Walter Lindesay they him cal,
 Lord of S. Iohne, and Knicht of Torfichane,
- 28 Be sey and land ane vailzeand Capitane.
- Thocht age hes maid my bodie impotent,
 3it in my hart hie courage doeth precell ;
 Quhairfor, I leif to God, with gude intent,
- 32 My spreit, the quhilk he hes maid immortell, My soul I leave
to God;
 Intill his Court perpetuallie to dwell,
 And neuir moir to steir furth of that steid,
 Till Christ discend & judge baith quick & deid.
- 36 I 3ow beseik, my Lordis Executouris,
 My geir geue till the nixt of my kynrent.
 It is weill kend, I neuer tuik na cures
 Of conquessing of riches nor of Rent : my wealth, to
my next of kin.
- 40 Dispone as 3e think maist expedient.
 I neuer tuik cure of gold more than of glas.
 Without honour, fy, fy vpon Riches !
- I 3ow requeist, my freindis, ane and all,
 44 And nobill men, of quhome I am descendit,
 Faill not to be at my feist funerall,
 Quhilk throw the warld, I traist, salbe com- Let my friends
come to
my funeral.
 mendit.
- 3e knaw how that my fame I haue defendit,
 48 During my life, vnto this latter hour,
 Quhilk suld to 3ow be infinit plesour.
- First, of my Bowellis clenge my bodie clene,
 Within & out ; syne, wesche it weill with wyne,—
- 52 Bot honestie see that nothing be sene ;— Disembowel

and coffin me.

Syne, clois it in ane coistlie caruit schryne
Of Ceder treis, or of Cyper fyne :
Anoynt my corps with Balme delicious,
56 With Cynamome, and Spycis precious.

Bury me in the
Temple of Mars.

In twa caissis of gold and precious stanis
Inclois my hart and tounge, richt craftelie :
My sepulture, syne, gar mak for my banis,
60 Into the Tempill of Mars, triumphandle,
Of marbill stanis caruit richt curioslie,
Quhairin my Kist and banis 3e sall clois,
In that triumphand Tempill to repois.

My tem-
perament.

64 Mars, Venus, and Mercurius, all thre
Gaue me my natural inclinatiounis,
Quhilk rang the day of my natiuitie ;
And sa thair heuinlie constellatiounis
68 Did me support in monie Natiounis.
Mars maid me hardie like ane feirs lyoun,
Quhairthrow I conqueist honour & renoun.

To Mars present
my body ;

Quho list to know the actis Bellical,
72 Let thame go reid the legend of my life :
Thair sall thai find the deidis martiall,
How I haue stand, in monie stalwart strife,
Victoriouslie, with speir, sheild, sword, & knife :
76 Quhairfoir, to Mars, the God Armipotent,
My corps incloisit 3e do till him present.

to Mercury, my
tongue ;

Mak offering of my tounge Rhetoricall
Till Mercurius, quhilk gaif me eloquence,
80 In his Tempill to hing perpetuall :
I can mak him na better recompence ;
For, quhen I was brocht to the presence
Of Kings, in Scotland, Ingland, & in France,
84 My ornate tounge my honour did auance.

- To fresche Venus my hart 3e sall present,
 Quhilk hes to me bene, ay, comfortabill :
 And in my face sic grace scho did imprent,
- 88 All creatures did think me amiabill. to Venus,
my heart.
 Wemen to me scho maid sa fauorabill,
 Wes neuer Ladie that luikit in my face,
 Bot honestlie I did obtene hir grace.
- 92 My freind Sir Dauid Lyndsay of *the* Mont
 Sall put in ordour my Processioun.
 I will that thair pas formest in the front,
 To beir my Penseil, ane wicht Campioun ; Let arquebusiers
attend me,
- 96 With him, ane band of Mars his Religioun,—
 That is to say, in steid of Monkis & Freiris,
 In gude ordour, ane thowsand hagbutteris.
- Nixt them, ane thowsand futemen, in ane rout,
- 100 With speir & sheild, with buckler, bow, &
 brand,
 In ane Luferay, 3ounge stalwart men & stout.
 Thridlie in ordour, thair sall cum ane band with foot-soldiers
and cavalry.
 Of nobill men, abill to wraik thair Harmes,—
- 104 Thair Capitane with my standart in his hand,—
 On bairdit hors, ane hundreth men of Armes.
- Amang that band my baner salbe borne,
 Of siluer schene, thrie Otteris into sabill,
- 108 With tabroun, trumpet, clarioun, and horne,
 For men of Armes verie conuenabill. Exhibit my
banner and
helmet,
 Nixt efter them, ane Campioun honorabill
 Sall beir my basnet with my funerall ;
- 112 Syne efter him, in ordour triumphall,
- My arming sword, my gluifis of plait, & sheild,
 Borne be ane forcie Campioun, or ane Knicht
 Quhilk did me serue in monie dangerous feild ; and all my

fighting gear ;

116 Nixt efter him, ane man in armour bricht,
Vpon ane Ionet or ane cursour wicht,—
The quhilk salbe ane man of greit honour,
Vpon ane speir to beir my coit armour.

and a mortuary
for Mars.

120 Syne, nixt my Beir sall cum my Corspresent,—
My bairdit hors, my harnes, and my speir,
With sum greit man of my awin kynrent,
As I wes wont on my bodie to beir,
124 During my time, quhen I went to the weir ;
Quhilk salbe offerit, with ane gay garment,
To Mars, his Preist, at my Interrement.

Let there be gay
colours ;

Duill weidis I think hypocrisie & scorne,
128 With huidis heklit down ourthort thair ene.
With men of armes my bodie salbe borne :
Into that band see that no blak be sene :
My Luferay salbe reid, blew, and grene ;
132 The reid for Mars, the grene for freshe Venus,
The blew for lufe of God Mercurius.

let laurel-
branches be
carried ;

About my beir sall ryde ane multitude,
All of ane Luiferay of my cullouris thrie ;
136 Erles and Lordis, Knichtis, and men of gude :
Ilk Barroun beirand, in his hand, on hie,
Ane Lawrer branche, in signe of victorie ;
Becaus I fled neuer out of the feild,
140 Nor 3it, as presoner, vnto my fois me 3eild.

and be there
dancing and
singing.

Agane, that day, faill not to warne and call
All Men of Musick and of Menstrallie
About my Beir, with mirthis Musicall,
144 To dance and sing with Heuinlie harmonie,
Quhais plesant sound redound sall in the skye.
My spreit, I wait, salbe with mirth & Ioy ;
Quhairfoir, with mirth my corps 3e sal conuoy.

- 148 This beand done, and all thing reulit richt,
 Than plesantlie mak 3our progressioun,
 Quhilk, I beleif, salbe ane pleasant sicht.
 Se that 3e thoill na Preist in my Processioun,
 152 Without he be of Venus Professioun :
 Quhairfoir, gar warne all Venus chapel clarks,
 Quhilk hes bene most exercit in hir warkis.

*Let priests of
 Venus assist ;*

- With ane Bischop of that Religioun,
 156 Solemnitlie gar thame sing my saull mes,
 With organe, Timpane, Trumpet, & Clarion,
 To shaw thair Musick dewlie them addres :
 I will, that day, be hard no hevines.
 160 I will na seruice of the Requiem,
 Bot Alleluya, with melodie and Game.

*.and her Bishop
 sing Mass.*

- Efter the Euangell and the Offertour,
 Throw all the Tempill gar proclame silence ;
 164 Than to the Pulpit gar ane Oratour
 Pas vp, and schaw, in oppin audience,
 Solempnitlie, with ornate eloquence,
 At greit laser, the legend of my life,
 168 How I haue stand in monie stalwart strife.

*An orator is
 to laud me.*

- Quhen he hes red my buik fra end till end,
 And of my life maid trew narratioun,
 All creature, I wait, will me commend,
 172 And pray to God for my saluatioun.
 Than, efter this Solempnizatioun
 Of seruice, and all brocht to end,
 With grauitie, than, with my bodie wend,

*All will pray for
 my salvation.*

- 176 And clois it vp into my Sepulture,—
 Thair to repois till the greit Iudgement,—
 The quhilk may not corrupt, I 3ow assure,
 Be vertew of the precious oyntment

*Then bury my
 body,*

not to corrupt.

180 Of Balme, and vther Spyces redolent.
 Let not be rung for me, that day, saull knellis ;
 Bot greit Cannounis gar them crak, for bellis.

Let salutes
be fired.

Ane thousand hakbuttis gar schute al at anis,
 184 With swesche, talburnis, & trumpettis, awfullie :
 Lat neuer spair the poulder nor the stanis,
 Quhais thundring sound redound sall in the sky ;
 That Mars may heir, quhair he, triumphandlie,
 188 Abone Phebus, is situate, full euin,
 Maist awfull God, vnder the sternie heuin.

Over my tomb
hang up my
arms ;

And, syne, hing vp, aboue my sepulture,
 My bricht harnes, my scheild, & als my speir,
 192 Togidder with my courtlie Coit armour,
 Quhilk I wes wont vpon my bodie beir,
 In France, in Ingland, being at the weir ;
 My Baner, Basnet, with my Temperall,
 196 As bene the vse of feistis funerall.

and write my
epitaph.

This beand done, I pray 3ow tak the pane
 My Epitaphe to writ, vpon this wyis,
 Abone my graue, in goldin letteris fyne :
 200 The maist inuincibill weiriour heir lyis,
 During his time quhilk wan sic laud & prys,
 That throw the heuinis sprang his nobil fame :
 Victorious William Meldrum wes his name.

Adieu ! all
Lindesays.

204 Adew ! my Lordis ; I may na langer tarie :
 My Lord Lindesay, adew ! abone all vther.
 I pray to God, and to the Virgine Marie,
 With 3our Lady to leif lang in the Struther.
 208 Maister Patrik, with 3oung Normond, 3our
 brother,
 With my Ladies, 3our sisteris, al, adew !
 My departing, I wait weill, 3e will rew.

- Bot, maist of all, the fair Ladies of France,
 212 Quhen thai heir tell, but dout, that I am deid,
 Extreme dolour wil change thair countenance,
 And, for my saik, will weir the murning weid.
 Quhen thir nouellis dois into Ingland spreid,
 216 Of Londoun, than, the lustie ladies cleir
 Will, for my saik, mak dule and drierie cheir.

The ladies will
regret me.

- Of Craigfergus my dayis darling, adew !
 In all Ireland of feminine the flour.
 220 In 3our querrell twa men of weir I slew,
 Quhilk purposit to do 3ow dishonour.
 3e suld haue bene my spous and paramour,
 With Rent and riches for my recompence,
 224 Quhilk I refusit, throw 3outh and insolence.

Adieu ! maid of
Craigfergus.

- Fair weill ! 3e Lemant Lampis of lustines
 Of fair Scotland : adew ! my Ladies all.
 During my 3outh, with ardent besines,
 228 3e knaw how I was in 3our seruice thrall.
 Ten thowsand times adew ! aboue thame all,
 Sterne of Strathërne, my Ladie Souerane,
 For quhom I sched my blud with mekill pane !

Adieu ! ladies of
Scotland.

- 3it, wald my Ladie luke, at euin and morrow,
 On my Legend at lenth, scho wald not mis
 How, for hir saik, I sufferit mekill sorrow.
 3it, giue I nicht, at this time, get my wis,
 236 Of hir sweit mouth, deir God, I had ane kis.
 I wis in vane : allace ! we will disseuer.
 I say na mair : sweit hart, adew for euer !

Above all, Star of
Stratherne, adieu !

- Brether in Armes, adew, in generall !
 240 For me, I wait, 3our hartis bene full soir.
 All trew compan3eounis, into speciall,
 I say to 3ow, adew, for euermoir,

True friends,
adieu, till we

meet in Glory !

Till that we meit agane with God in Gloir !
 244 Sir Curat, now gif me, incontinent,
 My Crysme, with the holie Sacrament.

I commend
 myself to God.

My Spreit hartlie I recommend
 In manus tuas, Domine.
 248 My hoip to the is till ascend,
 Rex, quia redemisti me.
 Fra Syn Resurrexisti me ;
 Or ellis my saull had bene forlorne :
 252 With Sapience docuisti me ;
 Blist be the hour that thow wes borne !

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